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The Week

BY Kerensky's account Russia is facing the tragedy of a civil war. The loss of Riga has not justified the precedent of internal unity created by foreign menace. If it is true that a member of the Duma, speaking for the non-Socialist parties, demanded the resignation of the Kerensky Government and the investment of Gen. Kornilov with dictatorial powers, it means that men like Prince Lvov, Milyukov, Gutchkov, Rodzianko, backed by a part at least of the army, but relying mainly on the Cossack troops, have decided that the risk of reaction to Czarism is smaller than the continuance of the present policies. The situation is all the more tragic because on the essential question of national defence Kerensky and the great majority of his party are in agreement with the men who are now incurring the accusation of fomenting a counter-revolution. Because the extreme Socialist faction is too numerous to be dealt with by compulsion in Kerensky's view, because his earlier affiliations with the men who have been working for army demoralization were much closer than with the radical non-Socialists, Kerensky has shrunk from applying the iron hand which he has so often threatened. Instead he has resorted to argument and appeal and personal example, as when he led in person the offensive of last July.

TO those who would fain believe that the new-won liberties of the Russian people and the inspiration which the overthrow of Czarism has imparted to the cause of democracy the world over are not to be lost in the welter of civil war, it is still open to hope that the "misunderstanding" may turn out to be true, and that Kornilov's "revolt" is only a threat. Otherwise we may expect to see Kerensky, after a heroic attempt to mediate between the national parties and the extremist Socialist faction, compelled to take sides with the latter. It is not the peril of Germany that would be foremost in such a situation. The German army holds as much Russian territory as even the most fanatic of Pan-Germans ever expects to retain. The coming of winter is against continued military operations. The Kaiser would be only too pleased to let civil war have free sweep in Russia. The real menace is in the disappearance of that Socialist element which has been at the same time national. Whenever Kerensky is forced into the arms of Lenine, it means strife between two parties that may be driven to any extreme, the one to mass uprisings in the cities and *jacquerie* in the provinces, the other to any methods that will restore order and save the country from dissolution.

CHANCELLOR MICHAELIS has several times dwelt upon the defensive war which innocent Germany has been for three years waging against wicked neighbors who pounced upon her in 1914. He came back to the theme in some comments upon testimony brought out in the trial for treason of the former Russian Minister of War. This shows, according to the German Chancellor, that the Russian war party forced the hand of the Czar and foiled his efforts for peace. This may be so, though the evidence has not been published in this country or England. So far, there seems to be no connection between the fact that there was corruption and treachery in the Russian War Office and the fact that unsuspecting Germany was set upon by faithless and aggressive nations. But Chancellor Michaelis, who seems to have brought a fresh, not to say naïf, mind to a discussion of the beginnings of the war, has one sure way of confounding all his enemies, if what he says is true. Let him publish all the dispatches which passed between Berlin and Vienna, during July and August, 1914. These would certainly show, if the Chancellor is well informed, that Germany was in every way striving to keep the peace. That these dispatches have never been allowed to see the light is simply, we suppose, an indication of Germany's diplomatic scrupulousness. She would not give out confidential documents even to free herself from damning suspicions!

IN diplomacy the main thing is to attain your object. You need not care so much if the other fellow dislikes you and even abuses you, provided that he finally yields the point. On this theory, President Wilson may disregard, or smile at, the amount of sputtering which the German press and political leaders are doing with an eye on him. His lectures on the German system of government, are, they say, both offensive and absurd. Speaking of autocracy, he is the greatest autocrat in the world. And there is a good deal of clumsy German humor about the need of coming over here to reform the American "plutocratic Government." All this is amusing, in its way, but it is not *ad rem.* And when the German Centrist party leaves off its unkind words about President Wilson, and comes to the point of his actual proposals, in his reply to the Pope, the tone is different. It is admitted that Wilson's terms are not at all those which the Allies advanced last December. In fact, says the manifesto of the German Centrist party, looking closely at the matter, "in this respect Mr. Wilson's reply *ought to prove acceptable.*" Similar language has been held by leading newspapers in Hungary. Even the *Reichspost* of Vienna, well-nigh official, has said that the President's proposals are not displeasing to Austria, and that the "guarantees" he speaks of may easily be forthcoming. Such utterances indicate that the peace barometer, which pointed to bad weather all last week, may soon be set for brighter days.

THE week ending August 26 was the twenty-sixth week for which the British Admiralty has been quoting losses in terms of ships over and under 1,600 tons. The first week recorded was that ending March 4. In this half-year exactly, the number of ships lost over 1,600 tons was 506 and the number below 1,600 tons was 172. The safe formula in estimating tonnage is to allow 4,500 tons for the ships of the larger class. By this reckoning, and allowing 1,000 tons for ships of the smaller class, it would appear that the British losses for twenty-six weeks have been 2,430,000 tons. If we subdivide this half-year into two, the first

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period of thirteen weeks would show a weekly average of 21 big ships lost; the second period would show a weekly average of 18 ships. Let us assume that for the remainder of the year this weekly average of 20 ships will be maintained. That would give us for the remaining 18 weeks of 1917 a loss of 360 more big ships, with a total loss in big ships of 3,900,000 tons since March. To this we must add, first, the loss in small ships for the period from March to the end of the year of not more than 300,000 tons, and, second, the losses for January and February of the present year before the Admiralty reports began, for which a generous allowance would be 800,000 tons. Altogether, then, the year 1917, in the absence of any startling changes in the submarine average, will show a British loss of 5,000,000 tons.

THESE figures represent the gross sinkings. To obtain the net loss we must subtract the ships built and purchased in 1917, which Lloyd George in his speech of August 16 placed at 1,900,000 tons. The net British loss would thus be a little over 3,000,000 tons for the year 1917. But more clearly to understand the tone of confidence which marked the Premier's summary of the submarine problem, it is necessary to note the parallel between increased shipbuilding activity and a decline in actual sinkings. Thus for the first six months of the year, according to Lloyd George, ships were built to the extent of 484,000 tons, or about 80,000 tons per month. For the last six months the new building would be 1,100,000 tons, or nearly 190,000 tons per month. The difference between 560,000 tons sunk in April against 80,000 tons built, and 320,000 tons sunk in July as against 190,000 tons built—that is to say, a monthly deficit of 480,000 tons declining to a monthly deficit of 130,000 tons—measures the difference in the British outlook. It is a difference exemplified by the change of tone in a sober and well-informed organ like the *Manchester Guardian*, which at the beginning of the new submarine campaign anticipated a loss for the year of 6,000,000 tons, with the gravest consequences. The *Guardian* still speaks of the submarine problem as serious, but for conditions *after the war*.

THERE is something almost pathetic in the rueful faces of German officials as they contemplate the failure of their hopes in Poland. The Governor-General, Gen. von Beseler, frankly admits frustration. "We have experienced much which we would have preferred not to experience." He referred partly to the unsympathetic and distrustful attitude of the Poles; partly to their sullen and stubborn unwillingness to serve in the German army. But what could von Beseler have expected? Had he not taken to heart the lesson of German attempts for more than a hundred years to make the Poles of Prussian Poland contented subjects of the Empire? Whatever else the Germans are, they are not good colonizers, and are wofully without talent for getting on with peoples whom they rule by right of conquest. Pastor Wagner has been describing once more the utter breakdown of German plans in Alsace-Lorraine. Here is a land and a people which the German Government has had in its hands for nearly fifty years; yet the record has been one of such blundering and irritation and misunderstanding and alienation that, when the war broke out, German military orders spoke of Alsace as "the enemy's country." For an Empire that aspired to *Weltmacht*, Germany seems singularly unable to govern well even the bits of territory which it has added by the sword close to her own borders. As for winning the good will and confidence of the inhabitants, that appears never to have been dreamed of in German Imperial philosophy.

THE indictment of the Mayor of East St. Louis for malfeasance is one of the most helpful things in connection with lawlessness against the negroes of this country that has yet happened. The grand jury finds that he failed to give directions to the militia, to call upon the Sheriff, or to deputize citizens who offered their services to put down the mobs. It rightly holds that if this was due to neglect, he is unfit, and that if it was due to cowardice or lack of ability, he should be removed at once. The grand jury further finds that the "coterie of corrupt politicians" responsible for the riots and "for the undoing of the Mayor" has made it impossible for the new Police and Fire Commission, composed of three able and fearless citizens, to carry on the work of reorganizing the city from the point of view of law and order, and that it will not be able to do so until the Mayor is removed. Altogether, the grand jury has now indicted 144 persons, and regrets that it cannot indict and apprehend many more. It has, however, indicted the Mayor's secretary for conspiracy with the rioters, in that he ordered the police and the militia to prevent moving-picture men from photographing the mob, thus giving "greater assistance to the rioters." Now, if convictions can only be obtained, a long step will have been taken towards removing the blot of this hideous outrage from the American name.

THOUGH the "first and supreme object" of American Red Cross activity, as set down in the Society report, is our own army and navy, it will be noted that out of a total of more than $12,000,000 already appropriated and more than ten and a half million dollars already assigned to work in France, less than two million dollars has been set apart for work among our own troops. As our military forces in France increase and are brought nearer to the actualities of war, no doubt this item of expenditure will rise. Yet at no time is it likely that American need will call upon the larger share of Red Cross effort in Europe. America will never face the economic wastage and the human suffering which the Red Cross has set itself to repair in France, in Russia, Rumania, Servia, and Armenia. It is not so much the direct effects of the battlefield as seen in the hospitals that will engage the Society's principal efforts, as the woe and loss of civilian populations and of soldiers who have been cast back into civilian life from the war mill. A million and a half dollars for foodstuffs, a million dollars for the relief of incapacitated French soldiers and their families, nearly a million dollars for village reconstruction and the restoration of agricultural life, these constitute the big items in the Red Cross appropriations for France. What the full demands will be for work in devastated Servia and in bleeding Armenia, it is only too easy to conjecture. The Red Cross has been transformed by the modern nature of war from an agency for the care of wounded soldiers into an agency for the care of wounded nations. It is a call upon American generosity to which the country is responding heartily. The Red Cross has now a membership of more than three and a half million. The size of its task should make its membership co-extensive with the nation.

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SO rarely comes good news out of Germany that, when it does, all the world should be notified. The Germans are said to be melting down their bronze statuary for use in munition works! Now, a 42-centimetre shell is not a thing of beauty as it advances whining through the air at you. On the other hand, neither is that monstrous Germania of the flowing brazen locks. Given the choice of one or the other, hyper-sensitive souls might be discovered to prefer the filler of tombs. The Hohenzollern Empire has, since 1870, been accumulating a most unutterable lot of rubbish statuary. Berlin is the centre of this vast museum of ugliness, of art made to order, of a people conscripted into the army of æstheticism. But now it will be unnecessary for the Allies to invade Germany and capture Berlin. The Germans, even if they refuse to turn democratic, are at least complying with the dictates of good taste and purifying their capital. The flopping figure on top of the lofty victory-asparagus in the Königsplatz must now come down; and all the other eyesores of perennial bronze will vanish as well, like mist in the sun. Unfortunately, Prussia needs no granite as yet in the munitions industry. Red-hot stone cannon-balls have gone out since old Fritz's day. Therefore, the famous granite quarry of the *Sieges Allee* and the worst of the Charlottenburg mausoleum must await some other destroying hand.

TO declare with a flourish that party politics should disappear at the Atlantic shore, and to follow this up with the statement that President Wilson's plunging of the country into war six weeks after his inauguration was "the most astounding piece of treachery that ever shook this country," may seem to indicate a somewhat puzzling—or puzzled—state of mind, but Senator Watson, of Indiana, had to strike the keynote for the Republican campaign in Virginia. Let those who think that he struck rather wildly suggest how he might have waked the echoes so loudly in some other way. His argument was that the war is unpopular; it is unpopular because thousands of men and women, deceived by Democratic billboards proclaiming that the reëlection of Wilson meant peace, voted for him, only to find that it meant the opposite. Watson had several other reasons to assign for the war's unpopularity, but he seems destined to be busy for a while divesting himself of the unpopularity which his speech has brought upon him among Virginia Republicans.

EVEN the war powers of the President, formidable though they are, are as nothing compared to the war powers of certain editorial pages. Mr. Wilson's war powers, for example, may justify the raiding of I. W. W. and Socialist headquarters in search of evidence of seditious conduct. But there are newspaper commentators who have the power of knowing that the treasonable evidence is there without searching for it, and if the evidence isn't there, why so much greater the degree of guilt. One contemporary on the very day of the raids was convinced that the past history of the Socialist party and the I. W. W. "warrants the surmise" that they have been acting in the pay of Germany. Another recognizes that it is conjectural how much evidence can be found against the I. W. W. and deplores the fact that the "loose and shifting character of the organization adds to the difficulty of fixing responsibility." How a loose and shifting organization, maintaining formidable expense accounts to the amount of $375.20 in one striking instance, could turn into a shrewd and well-organized conspiracy against the Government is not made clear. We repeat, Mr. Wilson must envy these commentators the clairvoyant war powers which need not wait for an actual show of evidence, but automatically detect treason and conspiracy, whether they exist or not.

WITHOUT difficulty we can imagine a Berlin newspaper running a scare head, "America in Full Revolt," over the following description by Judge McIntyre of conditions in New York city:

> Treason is openly avowed. Seditious utterances may be heard at many of these gatherings. The President and the Congress of the United States are contemptuously alluded to. The war is denounced by many speakers. Rebellion is advised against the Conscription act. Men are told not to be soldiers—not to leave our shores to fight abroad.

And now see the dire effect of such continued preachment of treason and sedition: The regular army is overfilled. The National Guard is moving to camp. Presumably under the pernicious influence of the treason-mongers, no less than 25,000 of the State's troops marched down Fifth Avenue a week ago. Seduced by the arguments of the anti-conscription orators more than one-half of the city's drafted men marched through the streets a few days later, and in a frenzy of disloyalty and panic rushed headlong to a baseball game. If this be treason, why make so much of it?

WESTERVILLE, O., is not a place of renown. In fact, it is patronizingly termed "our enterprising and charming little neighbor" by the *Ohio State Journal*. But it bobs up into the news columns by virtue of having chosen a city manager, and, what is more striking, having gone as far as New York for him. It is not very surprising that a city like Dayton should seek a city manager outside of its borders. It is in the Westervilles that local patriotism mounts highest, and that the suggestion that an outsider be given a city job arouses the bitterest opposition. Philadelphia and New York politicians are not above echoing the reproach, but Westerville took her self-respect in both hands and advertised her paucity of administrative talent. Instead of scorning her advances, almost fifty persons offered their services, giving her a wider range of selection than many a larger place, as a matter of fact, exercises. The incident illustrates the suddenness with which we undergo what we would call in advance fundamental changes. A few years since, who dared raise his voice in behalf of the idea that the best non-resident was to be preferred to the least capable native? Now it is a commonplace. Indeed, a town that made one of its own citizens city manager would be decidedly out of fashion.

AN increase of 40 per cent. in the number of cigarettes smoked—or at least manufactured—is accounted for in part by the spread of the habit among women. The number officially reported for the last fiscal year exceeds thirty billion, which ought to be enough to afford ingenious statisticians rare opportunities for piling up cigarettes to the nearest fixed star or laying them in rows side by side and then suddenly turning them end to end, with astonishing consequences. The evidence of cigarette smoking is so palpable that no one will question the significance of the tax returns upon it, but the figures for whiskey are somewhat mysterious, with prohibition advancing by leaps

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and bounds. Are the manufacturers of distilled spirits getting ready for The Day—the awful hour when the curtain will be rung down upon their business and the private citizen will be allowed to consume only such stock as he has been foresighted enough to accumulate?

THAT West Point class of 1918 graduating without examination illustrates again the proverb about an "ill wind." During the Spanish War many colleges exempted students who left to enlist. Naturally, nobody volunteered from any such sordid motive as being allowed to step into an upper class, or even graduate, on the golden bridge of patriotism. In fact, nobody who volunteered knew, for certain, that he wouldn't have to "bone up" for "exams" later on. In this respect the present generation has an advantage over the "oldsters" of ninety-eight. No doubt, many undergraduates of Spanish War vintage received educational exemption. Yet there is no evidence that their bouquet is inferior to that of more "examined" generations. After all, it does not appear to be what a man learns, but from whom and how, that determines the quality of his education. War veterans may know more, for life's purposes, than the men who set examination papers.

THE story from Plattsburgh that our men, eager to throw bombs in the way they throw baseballs, are being compelled to adopt the British style, shows once more the Administration's incompetent conduct of the war. We may be short on military tactics, but we are long, very long, on throwing. Generations have perfected the American arm for this purpose until it has become one of the modern wonders of the world. Yet this acquired and inherited skill is tossed aside, and we are told that we must throw like men who know only cricket! Is this scientific warfare? Think what a brigade of American baseball players with bombs in their hands might do on the western front! The mere fact that a bomb weighs many times what a baseball does is surely irrelevant. Or, if it proves anything, it is that a bomb ought to be hurled in the fashion in which a football is passed. If not one American game, then another, must win this war.

"YOU can't be cross with me, Miss," said a soldier patient in an English hospital who had not been living up to his nurse's rules, "you was present at my operation." This sentiment illustrates admirably the property relationship established between benefactor and beneficiary. Once having invested a certain amount of altruism in an object, no matter how unworthy, it seems inconceivable that a person should not thereafter preserve a continuing solicitude for its welfare. It is not the recipient who develops obligations, but the grantor. If your feelings, in the first place, prompted compassion and compassion aid, then what inconsistency to stop half way! "Something in my pleasing appearance," argues the Tommy, "must have induced you to take a special interest in my case and be present at my operation. Your being there was a sort of confession of weakness, pardonable weakness, I admit, which you can't escape now by looking severe." The unfortunate of all the world make this appeal, both among individuals and nations. It is the most touching, the most insinuating appeal by weakness to pity and strength, and least often refused. One investment in this sort of charity forces others ad infinitum to make safe and insure the first.

More German Dispatches

TWO Foreign Offices are under instant obligation to act so as to save their good name—if possible. The intercepted telegrams made public by Secretary Lansing on Sunday make such a course imperative. First of all, the Swedish Government must explain. On the face of things, it has been guilty of a highly discreditable and unneutral and treacherous deed. To place its diplomatic service at the disposal of Germany—to forward to Berlin dispatches in the German code, given to its Argentine Legation for that purpose, thus betraying the confidence reposed in Swedish good faith—is a shocking thing. The offence is one, primarily, against the Argentine Government, whose hospitality was abused, but also concerns deeply all the nations at war with Germany, as towards them Sweden had professed strict neutrality. The nefarious work may have been done by corrupted underlings. The Swedish Minister at Buenos Aires declared on Monday that he knew nothing about the telegrams. It is possible that some subordinate did the forwarding behind his back, and had a confederate in the Foreign Office at Stockholm. Whatever the mode of operation, the Government of Sweden stands gravely impeached, and has not an hour to lose in setting itself right with the world, if it is at all able to do so.

As for the Foreign Office at Berlin, only prompt and drastic action can save it from sinking under new infamy. It can do nothing to clear away all the suspicion growing out of these dispatches, but at least it could do something to free itself from open and confessed disgrace. The ruffianly German Chargé at Buenos Aires, Count Luxburg, could be immediately recalled, denounced, and degraded. Foreign Secretary von Kühlmann could declare that the advice of the German official guest of the Argentine Republic to murder Argentine sailors on the high seas was neither desired nor acted upon by the German Government. In such ways, steps might be taken to prevent a break with Argentina. But it may be doubted if anything can now be done to prevent a terrible fresh stain from resting on German diplomacy. It will be said that the brutal and inhuman telegrams of Count Luxburg were due to no eccentricity or degeneracy of his own; that they but reflected the general spirit of ruthless submarine warfare, as conducted by the German Government, and that he was but suggesting a course which had, in fact, been taken by more than one German commander.

No survivor to tell the tale—*spurlos versenkt*—"sinking them [Argentine ships] without leaving any traces"—these are the words and the devices of pirates. How ghastly they make German professions and promises appear! Only as a matter of stern necessity would merchant ships be sent to the bottom, and every effort would be made to save the lives of the crew. Over against all this must now be written, *spurlos versenkt*. If anything could make the world forget, momentarily, the "scrap of paper," this would do it. A new indignation and horror would for the time supplant the old. People will say that now they can well believe the stories of almost incredible cruelties committed by German submarines. There was the fearful crime against the sailors of the Belgian Prince. Deprived of their lifeboats and taken on board a German submarine, they were left helpless on the deck as the order was given to submerge. Affidavits by two or three survivors who were

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picked up set forth the details of this deliberate and wholesale drowning of non-combatants. It was the same kind of murder that Count Luxburg calmly "recommended" in the case of Argentine vessels.

It does not appear how these incriminating dispatches fell into the hands of the State Department. Secretary Lansing must have been sure of his ground before giving them out. The less doubt of their authenticity will arise since the public will recall the Zimmermann note, about which so many were naturally incredulous until its accuracy was admitted by the German Government. The intelligence service of the State Department has suddenly assumed great importance in the eyes of foreign Governments. They did not know that we had any capable secret agents to speak of, yet they furnished the two great sensations of the war in the way of diplomatic revelations. About that aspect of the matter, it is not necessary to plume ourselves. Good luck may have had as much to do with it as skill. The main interest lies in the substance of the disclosures. They cannot but affect our relations with Sweden. For the time being, our Government cannot be blamed for maintaining an air of reserve and suspicion in all that concerns the embargo, as applied to Sweden. Is she, or is she not, a secret ally of Germany? If she has failed in her duties as a neutral in one thing, will she not in others? These are the serious questions which the Swedish Government will have to seek at once to answer. And the German Government will need to make the frankest disavowals, and proceed with the most rigorous steps of discipline, if it is not content to have mankind suppose that chief reading of German diplomats is "Murder as a Fine Art."

The Government's Control of the Press

WITHOUT a censorship the Government's control of the press through its control of the news sources in Washington is so complete as surely to satisfy everybody except certain persons, like some admirals we have heard of, who think all newspapers should be suppressed during the war. The Attorney-General is, of course, another exception, for he is now using the great powers of his office to control the *opinions* of certain newspapers as well as their news columns, and the Postmaster-General, too, is active in suppressing documents and journals whose point of view, and the expression thereof, seem undesirable to his solicitor.

But, of course, the Government's control does not stop there. We are seeing a use of the press to color, interpret, and influence the news, which is a fresh reminder of our growing assimilation of methods in European nations. By that we have not merely in mind the Fourth of July episode of the Navy Department's glorified dispatch about the defeat of the German submarines. We refer chiefly to the anonymous official statements which daily appear sponsored by such phrases as a "high official authority," "it can be officially stated," "it was declared by an official of the Department of Justice," etc., etc. These outgivings are steadily moulding public opinion along the lines desired by the Government. Through them we are constantly receiving interpretations of official documents, even varying interpretations as last week, when we were solemnly assured on the word of an unnamed authority in the State Department that the President's note to the Pope did, and also did not, imply the abdication of the Hohenzollern family. Some weeks ago the State Department was quoted as saying that there must be no discussion of peace terms, because all suggestions of peace were from pro-German sources; and it has been rumored that the Washington correspondents have had pretty definite official instructions as to what they could and could not say in regard to the visit of certain distinguished foreigners.

Now, this has its comic side, of course—these Delphic utterances as to whether Madagascar or China shall or shall not be dismembered—when the great forces underlying this world-struggle are so vast as to make any oracular anonymous statement seem a bit humorous. We are aware, too, that serious embarrassment would inevitably result if the cloak of anonymity were sufficiently removed to make it possible for telegrams to read: "The Secretary of State—or the Secretary of War, or the Secretary of the Navy, or the Attorney-General—to-day declared. . . ." The Cabinet heads are altogether justified in refusing to permit direct quotation save when they authorize it. But as Mr. Charles Merz, Washington correspondent of *The New Republic*, has just pointed out, the anonymous quotation opens the door to various abuses—"an invitation to trickery," he calls it—for an irresponsible correspondent can write his own imaginings or wishes under that perfectly safe phrase, "Administration circles declared to-night." Nobody in official life has the time, if the desire, to contradict anything thus set forth. Again, correspondents are often at sea as to what is implied in an answer to a verbal question, and sometimes they are deliberately misled for the express purpose of sounding public opinion as to how it would receive a given policy. We know of one case where a "story" was deliberately authorized for the express purpose of influencing not even the public, but the White House itself.

Under the circumstances, Mr. Merz is entirely correct, it seems to us, in urging that the State Department—and, we should say, all the other departments as well—publish carefully considered and officially authorized statements. In this way we should not only get matured opinions, but the Government's utterances could not be twisted into things that they did not mean, while the Government itself would escape the charge, now being freely made, that it is giving out propaganda and not news. The point is that the great thing in a war like this is that the Government should use its control of the press not for indirect propaganda, but for clear-cut, responsible statements whose authorship is perfectly clear.

Any other course will, we believe, react in time upon the Government itself by creating a distrust of the existing news agencies and of the press. That there are deep underlying dangers in any control of the press is, of course, obvious. Let us suppose that this were a highly unpopular war, undertaken not on a high moral basis, but for sinister purposes, by an Administration of a different calibre from that at Washington. Then the indirect control of the press could be worked in the interest of the officeholders against that of the people as a whole to the lasting injury of the country. Even with the Wilson Administration and all our unselfish purposes in going to war, any other course but frank dealing with the public and permitting the freest public discussion within the law of such questions as peace and our policies after the war will react unfavorably.

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Abolishing the Grille

IN a report of the proceedings of the House of Commons, a couple of weeks ago, appeared the following item:

> The House went into Committee of Supply, and a token vote was submitted for the sum of £5 to defray the cost of the proposed removal of the Grille of the Ladies' Gallery.
>
> In deference to the wishes of Mr. Bonar Law that time should be economized there was no discussion, but a division was challenged by the opponents of the alteration. There were
>
> For the vote..... 164
> Against 18
>
> Majority 146

Significant of much, in the Carlylean phrase, is this abolition of a time-honored barrier. It inevitably follows the recent vote of the House to give the franchise to women. If they are hereafter to enjoy political rights, to elect members of Parliament, and perhaps themselves to be elected as such, it is obviously absurd to maintain in the House of Commons the old symbol of their inferiority. The Grille was that, whatever the explanation given for placing it before the Ladies' Gallery. If it was meant as a sort of protection to the fair sex, so that they might not be stared at or ogled from the floor, this of itself was a tacit adoption of the Oriental idea of veiled women, far removed from active interest in public affairs. If, on the other hand, the idea was to protect the members of the House from too close inspection and too severe criticism by the ladies aloft, this again was a relic of a time when women were thought of as totally apart from political life. There is some evidence that English public men have disliked to speak in the presence of women. In the House of Lords there is a small gallery for peeresses—without a grille. Peeresses can see and be seen as it is not befitting that commoners should. Sometimes the female auditors in the Lords outnumbered the capacity of their own gallery and sat elsewhere. This gave offence. Lord Malmesbury wrote in his diary, in 1855: "The number of ladies who attended the debate to-night caused great displeasure among the peers. They overflowed from the gallery into the House. . . . Lord Ellenborough said it had made him nervous, and Lord Lyndhurst positively refused to speak, saying that the House looked like a casino."

Many are the incidents and the stories connected with the Grille. Behind it the suffragettes used to sit and raise disconcerting cries of "Votes for Women." And when the ushers ascended to remove the disorderly women, the latter were found chained to their seats and bidding defiance to authority. From the Ladies' Gallery faithful wives have looked down encouragingly upon the oratorical efforts of their husbands below. A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* recalls a scene which took place in the Lords on July 17, 1850, when a vote of censure on Lord Palmerston was carried for his policy towards Greece. The story runs:

> Count Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, chose to hear the debate from the Peeresses' Gallery, instead of the seats assigned to the Diplomatic Corps. As the evening went on, several peeresses were turned away for lack of room. Even when Lord Brougham tried to find seats for two lady friends Bunsen refused to move. Whereupon Brougham descended to the floor of the House and called attention to a stranger's presence in the Peeresses' Gallery. "If he does not come down," he remarked, "I shall move your lordships to enforce the order of the House. It is the more intolerable as he has a place assigned to him in another part, and he is now occupying the room of two peeresses." Loud laughter greeted this reference to Bunsen's ample girth, but he clung to his seat until the Usher of the Black Rod spoke to him, when he rose in a fury and left the House, taking his wife and daughter with him.

In an ancient kingdom like Britain ancient customs have a way of taking deep root. They persist after their origin is forgotten and their significance lost. Old ceremonies, old symbols, are clung to in a kind of pathetic feeling that they express loyalty to what has made England great. And it takes a violent wrench, a clear conviction that a thing has become not only obsolete but offensive, to induce Englishmen to give it up. Thus the removal of the Grille in the House of Commons is as striking a testimony as could be borne to the success of what is little short of a revolution. At last, it is admitted that women are entitled to be in public life in the open. They are not to be shut away behind artificial barriers. They are not to be compelled to observe what their rulers are doing through a lattice-work. The Grille in itself was only a trifle; but it had come to stand for the exclusion of women, so that its being torn away is symbolic of the free entrance now to be given English womanhood upon new privileges, new duties, and new responsibilities.

The Monitor to the Front

IS the monitor again coming into its own? We read that Pola, Austria's greatest naval base, was bombarded "by the great new Italian monitors and their consort British monitors." But this is only one of many similar items. It is the British monitors whose light draught has made it possible for them to keep up an effective bombardment on the German lines on the Belgian seacoast. They have repeatedly shelled the German naval base at Seebrugge, and it was one of these same monitors which steamed halfaround the globe to destroy the German cruiser Königsberg, which high-sided warships had blockaded in the Rufiji River on the East African coast. Perhaps the most interesting thing about it all is that there was not a single monitor in the Allied navies at the outbreak of the war—excepting the statement that these monitors are practically unsinkable by submarine attack because of a double bottom or outer shell.

That this peculiarly American type of vessel, the fruit of Ericsson's genius, is receiving this recognition abroad in the greatest of naval wars, after having been discarded at home in America, need surprise no one; our navy is brilliant in action, dashing in leadership, and fertile in resource when war is on, but when it comes to planning it slavishly follows foreign experience and has repeatedly turned its back upon epoch-making inventions of our own. Fulton invented the first all-big-gun armored steam battleship in 1815, but the navy went right on building sailing vessels until the forties, when it put engines into sailing vessels long after England had taken the lead in building genuine steamships. It was an American who invented the torpedo, but not until three-quarters of a century later did the Washington Navy Department learn the value of this weapon from the Confederates, who also developed the first successful submarine. Our navy experts profited not at all by the latter, made no attempt to develop a submarine, and when Holland perfected such a boat allowed it to go

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abroad for recognition. This was not for any lack of warning. Ericsson foresaw what was to come. In 1874 he wrote: "I look upon the enormous thickness of armor now being introduced in England and the monster guns building as the expiring efforts of the Island Queen to retain her supremacy of the sea. *The movable torpedo will inevitably render these efforts unavailing.*" In 1879 he said: "Take my advice: construct destroyers to sink the ironclads of designing neighbors, but let England cease to build the useless iron citadels. . . ." If he is looking down on what is going on in the world, he must be amazed at the correctness of many of his prophecies, and must take peculiar satisfaction in observing that monitors are the only armored vessels keeping the seas, while the great high-riding battleships hide in harbors, and occasionally blow up with all their crews, like the Bulwark, Vanguard, and others.

Just as it was civilians who pushed through the building of the first monitor destined, as many think, to save the American Union at Hampton Roads in 1862, so it is only civilians who since then have advocated sticking to the Ericsson type of battleship. When the new navy was begun in 1884-1890, we bought our battleship plans in England and have blindly followed British architects from that day to this. Only a couple of modern monitors were built, and then ignored. The prejudice against them arises from the fact that they are poor cruising ships from the point of view of parading a marine guard or exercising the men at sea, and the navy man in the pre-submarine days objected to them because their decks were so constantly under water—something that Ericsson planned for because he believed that that made them the steadiest gun-platforms that could be invented. His turret has been taken for all our battleships, but the greater comfort of the larger craft and the higher gun-platforms they offered have led us, too, into the folly of building Dreadnoughts on the English type. Not being interested in the monitor, we have not devoted ourselves to remedying its defects and making it more livable. The first ones were somewhat hard upon their crews because of the lack of our modern ventilating machinery, refrigeration, and many creature comforts now found on every battleship and cruiser. But what men have endured upon the "unlivable" submarines for weeks at a time since 1914 is certain to have its effect in future warship designing, and the men of the British monitor which finished the Königsberg undoubtedly suffered much less than submarine crews.

Original points in the monitor's favor are plainly now fully recognized. She can carry as heavy guns as a battleship and yet draw little water, thus being the ideal type for coast defence or for operations like those on the Belgian coast, and she presents a much more difficult target for the enemy's fire than does the ordinary vessel. It is safe to say that if the attempt is made to capture German submarine bases the monitors will lead the way, as they led the way into Charleston harbor. To our mind, this war has demonstrated the fact that Admiral Sir Percy Scott knew what he was talking about when he declared, just prior to the war, that the day of the battleship was over. He prophesied just what has happened—that the submarine would drive the battleship to cover. As one of our ablest admirals pointed out before the war, big men are not necessarily the best fighters. He asked these questions:

> With the same total number of guns, is it not conceivable that an admiral might prefer to have them distributed on more rather than fewer ships? In the line of battle would not the loss of one such smaller ship be less grave in its consequences than the loss of a leviathan? Is the development of the monster battleship of to-day predicated on any study, however superficial, of what has actually occurred in naval warfare? Is it not rather due to a rivalry which prompts us to "see" our possible enemy and "go him one better"?

It is perfectly obvious that if the German mine fields are to be invaded, small monitors will be better than large battleships. Ericsson never claimed anything for his boats except that they were *floating batteries*, with enormous offensive and defensive qualities, with an extraordinary arc of fire and a minimum of vulnerability. Yet here we have the fact that aside from the development of the submarine's tremendous offensive power, the only other naval development of any interest in this vast war is that for offensive purposes English and Italians, and presumably the French, have turned to the exact type of vessel that Ericsson conceived at the time of the Crimean War.

Finances of the States

THREE or four years ago many States awoke to find that their expenditures had more than doubled in the preceding decade. If we measure the importance of State government by its cost, it would appear about one-sixth that of the incorporated cities, and normally about two-fifths that of the National Government. Recently, too, attempts at economy and heightened executive efficiency seem either to slow the rate of the increase or to guarantee that it serves good ends. Some light is thrown on the exact situation by a census bulletin which Director Rogers has published on "The Financial Statistics of States, 1916." It shows that, with aggregate revenues last year of about $467,000,000, and an outlay of $425,000,000 for current expenditures and of $85,000,000 more for permanent improvements, our States are not paying as they go. The increase in revenue during the year was just over 1 per cent., and that in current costs was 6; against which it is cold comfort to put a decrease for permanent improvements of 10 per cent. Indeed, 26 States last year were not paying their total expenses from revenue, and 11 were not even paying current expenses. Twenty-two made both ends meet.

The showing has for some time been of a sort to stimulate efforts to draw upon larger sources of income. Yet we still find the faulty general property tax occupying much its old place. A table of the per capita yield of various State revenue sources in 1913 shows the special property taxes yielding 70 cents in a total of $3.80. Director Rogers reports that last year this and other special taxes contributed $88,000,000 in the total of $467,000,000. The development of intangible property makes evasion of the general property tax easier, and yearly the growth of the tax burden makes the temptation to evasion greater. Probably not a State possessing it does not hear regularly the complaint of local taxpayers that it penalizes honesty, lacks uniformity, and has a generally demoralizing influence. There is need for either a reform of the administration or of the tax itself. The latter would be the better. Yet even going back a decade it would not be easy to plot a line of marked progress for special taxes or the separation of State and local revenues. New York is happily among the few leaders. Eleven years ago New York took the first

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step away from the general property tax in exempting mortgages from it; in 1910 it exempted the bonds of business corporations, and the next year secured debts of all kinds; the Constitutional amendment voted down in 1915 would have carried the principle through to its logical conclusion. Delaware and Pennsylvania have never had to wrestle with the reform of the general property tax. A few other States, notably California, have improved their tax systems.

The chief difficulty seems to be that it is easy to effect a partial and temporary reform; and that one State after another contents itself with provision for the equalization of assessments in different localities, the increase of the assessors' power to prevent evasion, and the centralization of tax-administration; when it should be looking to the more permanent objects achieved by the classification of property and the separation of State and local sources. Kansas defeated a classification-amendment in 1914, and Massachusetts in 1915, while one in Iowa failed to obtain the required consent of the 1915 Legislature. Illinois adopted last year an amendment which provides for the unrestricted power of the Legislature over personal property taxation, for the making of exemptions only by general law, and for uniformity of the tax within the district in which it is imposed. Utah has rejected a similar amendment. To the development of direct taxes on well-classified forms of property there are few objections. To the other and in some ways allied reform, the separation of revenues for the State and the locality, there are distinct obstacles. Its chief merit is as a transitional stage in the movement from the general property tax to the classified tax, and it marks a step forward. The debt of our States is not yet appalling—it is under half a billion. But a larger number of States are increasing their net debt than are decreasing it, and with it they increase the pressure towards revenue reform. New York, with her debt nearly one-third of the total for all the States, and increasing faster than any other, has been driven by necessity towards more efficient taxing methods.

An encouraging fact is the steady increase in the number of permanent State tax commissions. They can directly effect many minor improvements, and by reiterated recommendations slowly bring about major ones. The Massachusetts State Tax Commission created in 1915 made ten proposals in 1916, the most important of which are embodied in the new income-tax law. Even the commissions which are appointed purely to readjust and equalize valuations imperceptibly become investigating and recommending bodies. The movement for State budgets and for departmental economy is well under way in this country; that for an efficient and fair method of providing funds to balance the budget ought to keep up with it.

National Art in the Making

THAT old and dishonored fallacy which hopes for a great art born out of the horrors of war, crowning our democracy with immortal, if blood-drenched, passion-flowers, has been resuscitated by Mr. Breckenridge Long in an address before the Federation of Arts, on "The Place of Art in a Democracy." War, he thinks, will weld us together, and, accomplishing what the Civil War failed to do, will give us expression in a great and popular art. It is well for Mr. Long that Whistler is not here to reëdit "The Ten o'Clock Lecture" for his benefit. True, Whistler, on the purely æsthetic ends of art, is just as wrong as the Third Assistant Secretary of State on the æsthetic ends of bloodshed. But he promulgated a real law when he asserted that the capricious Goddess of Beauty was not to be coaxed to descend and live in the heart of a nation because it happened to be an up-to-date democracy, with all modern improvements. She might prefer some corrupt little Italian despotism of the Renaissance, or a dictator-ridden South American corner of chaos. Killing and maiming all that is noblest and most fiery in our youth certainly will not persuade her to be kind, for she loves youth and life, and abhors death and decay. In a word, the Civil War was not fought so that Lincoln could make his Gettysburg Address.

Then what is a poor democracy to do that doesn't show the sign of a bud, but stays naked to the winds of posterity? Naturally, this raises the old question of the possibility of doing anything at all in such a predicament. Where art is not native and instinctive, can or should it be transplanted by main force and industry? Not everybody believes that it can be. America had the misfortune to be discovered several centuries too late. It seems a pity that Leif Ericsson's visit didn't lead to an immediate colonization. In the eleventh century steam locomotion, telegraphy, and newspapers had not as yet standardized civilization. Uninfluenced by European genius, ours might have developed, along its own lines, an art, a literature, and a music of its own. The Eskimos of the northern Pacific have accomplished this feat, carving in ivory objects of the utmost æsthetic sophistication. Herein, however, lies our hope of eventually contributing our share to the world's museums. The people who imagine that art must grow out of the soil and cannot be grafted from abroad base their theory on the notion that there are degrees in the sophistication of creative production, while these little ivory figures worked by blubber-eating savages show the utmost self-consciousness, lack of naïveté. Every comical little curve in the back of these musk-oxen is calculated for a definite, subtle effect. There is not and never was any primitive art, in the same sense that there was primitive carpentry and metal-working. The cave-men pictures in Spain, although bad in technique, are as subtle in their appeal as Whistler's Cremorne Gardens. The American people would always have been confronted by the artificiality of their inspiration.

The practical way, then, is to let bygones be bygones, forget what might have been if there were no Sunday supplements and moving pictures, and if the New Englanders and Virginians respectively still wore their own distinctive native costumes. The thing to do is just what Dudley Crafts Watson says, in the *American Magazine of Art*, he and his colleagues are trying to do: that is, bring art to the people who quite evidently won't or can't come to art. They are competing, and successfully competing, with the Wild Man of Borneo at county fairs. A travelling gallery has been got together for circulation from county seat to county seat; experienced teachers have been engaged to show the fine points of pictures, of a landscape, for instance, just as a professor in a veterinary college might indicate the points of a blooded horse. Other demonstrators draw from models for packed houses, show the right way of posing, the finesse of line, of light and shade. It all sounds

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crude and philistine enough. No doubt, the lecturers are wrong as often as right, and propound doctrine that would raise each particular hair on some æsthete's head on end. But they awaken people to the fact that art is the result of art, of subtlety, selection, endless dexterity, that, like a curve pitched by a famous pitcher, a painting contains within itself the wisdom of the serpent. After that you have them, if they are true Americans. Mr. Watson says their shows have competed successfully with the aeroplane races at one fair. Nothing more need be said for his methods.

Certainly nothing will ever begin without a beginning. Art probably never has anywhere come of itself, by spontaneous combustion. Dante and his circle fed on inferior Provençal literature. "I claim my goods wherever I find them," said the poet. America must deliberately do the same. In the process the egg of somebody's sensibilities is sure to be broken, so that the omelette soufflé of American art may swell magnificently. Old Latin-speaking scholarship was shocked when Dante deliberately chose a vulgar dialect for his Divine Comedy. He forced art to be democratic and thereby persuaded democracy to be artistic. If democracy and art are ever to be wed, then always the latter must go a-courting of the former in the tongue of the people. Mr. Watson and his friends are courageously bridging over the awkwardness of the first few tongued-tied moments of meeting.

The Press and the Censorship in England and France

SOME day, when the war is over, and when one may again write, speak, or cable with the once-accustomed freedom, we shall doubtless have a series of confessions of war correspondents. Therein the public will be allowed to read not only the personal adventures of the authors, the labors and hardships of a group of men who rest not day or night, but also something of the great volume of what was seen that could not be set down, of what was recorded that could not be published, and of what was published that was not exactly what was written. For, whatever else the war correspondent's "Own Story" may contain, it will not fail to pay particular attention to the censorship; and its views of the censorship, its arbitrariness or vagaries, its well-guarded seclusion, and its unchangeable decrees will be, in part at least, a reflection of the writer's personal experience, grave or gay, pleasing or exasperating.

The correspondent who begins his war experience in France gets very soon a different external impression of the scope and methods of the censorship from the one he would be likely to receive if he began his observations in England. French newspapers, as every one who knows France will recall, are regularly much smaller than the ordinary daily journals of England or America. They rarely exceed four pages, and those of smaller size than is usual in this country; they make little use of illustrations, and eschew almost entirely the agglomeration of matter which forms the staple of an American Saturday edition or Sunday supplement. Rather oddly, however, they often find place for a serial story, and the quantity of advertising matter, while small in the aggregate, is often large in proportion to the size of the paper. When, accordingly, one has deducted from four small pages (the blanket format of the Paris *Temps* is an exception) the advertisements and the daily instalment of a story, the space available for news is extremely small; and it becomes very much smaller when one recalls that, several times each week, every French daily now appears with only two pages because of the shortage of paper. As a consequence, news of all sorts must be presented in the briefest compass, and only events of the greatest momentary importance or interest can be set forth with even tolerable fulness.

With only a small amount of available news at best, one notices the more the frequent blank spaces which betray the hand of the censor. Each edition is submitted in proof to the censor; the censor strikes out what he pleases, the forbidden passages are then removed from the form, and the page is printed without them. Nothing may be reset, nothing may be substituted, without the submission of a new proof. The excisions may be only a word or two—the name of a person or place, for example, or figures, or a date, or a phrase or sentence, or a paragraph, or an entire article. What is left may or may not make sense; frequently it does, in a way; but that is the business of the editor, not of the censor. Ostensibly, at least, the censorship is impartial: it strikes out an editorial in the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, or an article by M. Joseph Reinach in the *Figaro*, as remorselessly as it excises a scorpion paragraph in the notorious *Bonnet Rouge*. When, after a period of unexplained tolerance, the utterances of a paper are deemed to have passed the limit, the whole edition is confiscated or the paper suspended from publication for a day or two. Naturally, copies of the suppressed edition are eagerly sought, and the appearance of the next issue is as eagerly awaited; so that a bout with the censor is not necessarily a losing encounter for the publisher. A similar censorship is exercised over books and reviews. Partly to avoid annoyance and loss, however, and partly because time is not quite so urgent a factor, the manuscript of books and review articles is allowed to be submitted for approval in advance; but, even so, one can hardly turn the pages of a French review of the more serious sort without noting places where "censored" or "expunged by the censor" takes the place of what the author wrote.

As to the principles which govern the exercise of the censorship in France, one is left largely to inference, the censor—he, it, or they—being proverbially inaccessible and incommunicate. Information "likely to be useful to the enemy" is forbidden, of course, the prohibition extending not only to military and naval plans and diplomatic business, but also to railway, shipping, and industrial operations connected with the war. On the other hand, a great deal of data concerning finance, agriculture, mining, the supply of food and coal, and other topics, all of it seemingly very "useful to the enemy," is published and commented upon; so that the line which divides what may be published from what may not is hard to trace. In the face of the daily *Journal Officiel*, to be had at almost any news-stall, reports of debates in the Senate or Chamber of Deputies, except at secret sessions, cannot well be forbidden; and while direct attacks upon the Government, or the indirect assaults which are often more deadly than direct ones, may fall under the ban, the actual liberty of discussion and dis-

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sent is considerable. It has always to be remembered that in France, with numerous political parties, with the party *union sacrée* in increasingly unstable equilibrium, with every prominent Minister or Deputy the leader of a personal following not always coincident with party lines, and with each party and most leaders in possession of at least one newspaper organ in Paris and of a series of such organs in the country, the control of public discussion by a censorship is a complicated task, to be essayed, apparently, only where freedom has been flagrantly abused.

The censorship in England presents in general much the same characteristics as the censorship in France, but with some significant differences. For one thing, the volume of war news which originates in England is much greater than that which originates in France. Moreover, far the larger part of the news collected by the great press agencies, and destined for the United States, passes through England, and is censored there even if it has already been censored in the country of its origin. The position of France has been peculiarly unhappy in this respect. All but one of the cables between France and America went out of commission early in the war, and that one has not worked regularly. Consequently the French side of the war, so far as it has been set forth in cable dispatches, has not only had to be made known to the United States by way of London, but the French dispatches, naturally, have had to take their turn after the English dispatches. The handling of German news in England is also interesting. One may buy Geneva and Lausanne papers, containing direct news from Germany, everywhere in Paris, and the Paris papers are, of course, free to use the material as they please. In England certain newspapers appear to enjoy the privilege of receiving German exchanges and of publishing what purport to be extracts from them; but no private individual may have a German newspaper, and no German publications of any sort are allowed to go through England to the United States. Tons of such publications—newspapers, periodicals, books, pamphlets—confiscated in transit, are stacked in the Censor's office in London. What the ultimate disposition of them is expected to be I could not learn, save that the books and pamphlets relating to the war will, it was said, be turned over to the British Museum; but the inconvenience and loss to American libraries which must face the annoyance of broken sets ought, one would think, now that the United States is at one with the Allies, to be remedied. Readers of English newspapers are, fortunately, spared the irritation of the blank spaces which dot the French dailies, and the French practice of seizing editions or suspending papers for short periods has not been brought across the Channel. On the other hand, upwards of twenty-five English periodicals, together with a long list of books and pamphlets, including, among others, the publications of the Union for Democratic Control and its aggressive secretary, Mr. Morel, have been debarred from the foreign mails; copies of English newspapers may not be sent abroad by private individuals; extracts from French or Italian papers openly sold in London may not be reprinted by English papers without accountability to the censor; and the exigencies of a declining tonnage, ostensibly at least, have cut off the importation of French books and American magazines for sale, although the latter may be received by regular subscribers.

To the difficulties created for a correspondent by the censorship are to be added difficulties of another sort. Neither in France nor in England is a correspondent, as such, welcomed or trusted as he is in America. Any one who knows the corps of regular press correspondents at Washington, for example, knows that they are not only, as a rule, able and experienced, but that they are also constantly trusted with important information which is given to them for their guidance, but which they are not expected to publish until the proper time. Public men will see them, and are as a rule glad to see them. In Europe such exhibitions of interest and confidence are rare. French public men too often appear to be afraid of newspaper writers, or treat them with a courteous suspicion, as if the only purpose of a correspondent were to get a "scoop" regardless of how he obtained it. The frank discussion of public questions, or the unofficial intimation of what is going on, with which staff correspondents are familiar in this country, or the confidential talk which no honorable correspondent anywhere would think of making public, is comparatively lacking in France. Such regular meetings as, for example, M. Cambon, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is in the habit of having weekly with the American correspondents in Paris are formal and not very important; and French higher officials are notably hard to interview. Part of the difficulty, no doubt, may be attributed to the obstacle of language, few American or English correspondents, unfortunately, possessing such thorough knowledge of French as to enable them to catch the implications, or suggestions, or finer shades of meaning which a Government official, even in his frankest moments, often wishes to convey; but the main reason is the feeling that the correspondent is not an entirely discreet and trustworthy person. In England, the measure of confidence is appreciably greater, although the advantage is somewhat offset by the formality and delay which must sometimes be gone through with before an official can be reached.

Yet there are pleasing compensations. The Maison de la Presse at Paris, ably directed by M. Henri Ponsot, is exceedingly helpful to foreign correspondents and writers. Once you have made yourself known, the bureau not only stands ready to vouch for you if you are questioned or arrested, but is ceaseless in its efforts to provide for your comfort and enjoyment, introduce you to officials and others whom you may wish to meet, help you with information in your investigations, procure for you copies of official papers or photographs, or arrange for visits to hospitals, factories, or the front. If you wish, it will examine your article and pass it on with an endorsement to the censor. The press bureau of the British Foreign Office, under Col. John Buchan, while in some respects not so well organized, is equally attentive and helpful, and especially so of late to American correspondents; while the new quarters recently made available in the Parliament Buildings, under the immediate charge of Mr. Thomas J. Gilmour, form an attractive and cosmopolitan rendezvous. For the accommodation of correspondents and visitors at the front the British Government has fitted up two châteaux, one for the regular cable correspondents, the other for occasional visitors and special writers. Any one who visits the front, however, must sign an agreement not to publish anything about his visit without first submitting it to the military censor at "G. H. Q." (General Headquarters), and to observe equivalent discretion in private conversation as to what he may see or hear. If he visits the fleet or a naval station, he must submit his article to the Admiralty censor. Similar

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conditions, with only differences of detail, are imposed in France.

Practically, the correspondent or writer who takes the trouble to find out what the restrictions are and to observe them, or who is content to accept the aid of the constituted authorities rather than to risk getting his letter through, has a minimum of trouble with the censor in either England or France. An immense amount of important war news gets to the United States through regular channels, and once in a while a striking story is allowed to pass which, to the uninitiated, would seem to be one of the first to have been suppressed. The American public, especially that portion of it which is within easy range of the larger cities, has presented to it a volume of war news far greater than is offered to the people of France, and at least as great, allowing for local conditions, as is available in England. I am also disposed to think that there is to-day in both those countries less tyranny of public opinion over the individual, more intelligent editorial discussion of the vital issues of the war, and more direct and virile criticism of the Government and its servants than is commonly to be found in the United States.

This is by no means, however, the same thing as saying that the censorship which beclouds the present war is a good thing either in theory or in practice. At most it is only equivalent to saying that a possibly necessary evil of a war in which nations fight for their lives is, in practice, shorn of some features which, had they received full sway, would long since have made the situation intolerable. The archaic survivals which persist in even the best modern governments are, indeed, well illustrated by the maintenance of a censorship, even in time of war. So long as war was a matter of sovereigns and courts, and so long as news came slowly by courier or in irregular ways, state secrets were more easily kept, the course of public opinion was not so immediately important, and in any case the shock of bad news was broken. What has only gradually been realized, however, is that the present war is essentially a war grounded in popular opinion. Even the distinction which President Wilson sought to draw between the German Government and the German people can no longer be maintained. What the people think is now, in all countries, the ultimate factor in the war, and in none more than in England and France; and with the highly organized methods of collecting and disseminating news which now exist, the public insists upon knowing, fully as well as promptly, what is going on. With the possible exception of military and naval details—only a possible exception because, as a rule, the enemy appears to have known the essential facts already—it would be difficult to point to a single useful result, or a single beneficial effect upon public opinion, which the war censorship in Europe has attained.

On the other hand, its evils, both direct and indirect, are before the eyes of any one who will look at them. One cannot but observe how the methods of the censorship both reflect and influence the attitude of a Government and its leaders; and in neither case is the result good. Every act of the censorship in England or France that has withheld or "doctored" war news has been a blow at public confidence in the ability and honesty of the Ministry. Every disaster covered up has aroused fear that the situation in general was worse than it was; every victory magnified has dimmed the glory of every subsequent success; every fact distorted has cast doubt upon statements of the plainest truthfulness; every criticism silenced has bred a score of criticisms more pointed and more forceful.

It is not well that the United States should be so largely dependent upon London for its war news; but it is also not well that the hard truth of the submarine peril should be concealed under a meaningless form of weekly statement, or that the figures of Allied losses in battle should be withheld, or that every achievement of the enemy should be systematically minimized, or that the serious state of the food supply or the crops should be screened by urgent appeals to "eat less bread," or that repeated requests for information should be met, in the House of Commons or the Chamber of Deputies, by refusal or evasion. One such episode as the punishment of the London *Nation*, outspokenly condemned as it was by men of all parties, does more to shake public confidence in a Ministry than half a score of mistakes in administration would have done; while the suppression of peace talk and peace literature, justifiable only when what was said or printed was incendiary, has unquestionably gone far to encourage the labor and Socialist movement for peace, which may, one day, force the hands of governments. No reputable correspondent needs a censorship, no official ought to be shielded by it, no secret diplomatic intrigue ought to be fostered by it. Least of all should it find tolerance in a war which, like the present one, is being fought by democracies for the safeguarding of democracy.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A Canadian Encampment

BY the courtesy of the brigadier-general in command, I yesterday had the opportunity of inspecting a force of over 2,000 Canadians encamped "somewhere on the South Coast." The impression left upon my mind is one of admiring marvel at the completeness of the organization. Less than three years ago officers and men were engaged in the ordinary avocations of civil life. The brigadier himself, who, after nearly two years' campaigning and fighting at the front, won the coveted D. S. O., was head of a manufacturing firm. His military connection was confined to a commission in the county militia, which before the war represented the sole home defence of Canada, a Dominion pledged to-day to supply reinforcements for its oversea forces up to 100,000 men. What this citizen army can do face to face with the long-trained armed hordes of Germany was shown at Vimy and in earlier hand-to-hand fights in Flanders and the North of France. In the camp here reserves are in training to fill the gaps, and have reached a stage of perfection that should satisfy the demands of the most exacting martinet. To see them march past headquarters, broad-shouldered, tall, strong-limbed, with springy step in perfect time without the assistance of drum-tap, makes it hard to realize the fact that when the war broke out they were busy in shop or office, concerned exclusively with the proper adjustment of pounds of groceries, yard lengths of drapery, or the balancing of ledgers.

The domestic arrangements of the camp attain a pitch of cleanliness and order that would create envy in the breast of the ordinary housekeeper. Not a speck of dust could be seen in the glistening woodwork of floors, tables, and benches. Everything has its appointed place and is neatly tucked into it. Metal culinary articles shine with the polish colloquially attributed to use of the elbow. Food is in

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abundance, including three full meals of varied courses per man per day. It is of the best quality, carefully cooked. In respect of home comforts, the men are enjoying the time of their lives, living amid accessories of perfect physical healthfulness. Roused at five o'clock by what they call the "revalley," they, headed by their band, march off across the few miles that separate the camp from the sea and have a splash in the Channel, across which is clearly heard the booming of the guns at Lens. Returning, they spend the rest of the day in drill and exercise that leaves no idle moments on their hands. "And so to bed," as Mr. Pepys says, though they reach repose at an earlier hour than did that arch reprobate, all lights being out at 10:30. This perfection of organization and accomplishment would be admirable in a camp of the regular army under conditions and customs established for a century. The Canadian camp is the growth of three years, everything shaped out on the spot by heads and hands new to the work.

The contingent makes special use of the novel instrument of war known as the Lewis gun. Invented before the war by an American, it has in certain details been improved throughout its operation till it has become most formidable. It may briefly be described as a reproduction on a small scale of the machine gun, which in the hands of all the forces in the field has wrought devastating effect. The advantage of the Lewis gun is that it can be carried into action and fired by one man. It is loaded with a disk of twenty-seven cartridges which may be fired off within the space of a few seconds. Another set is ready automatically to take its place, and there are others to follow. What looks like a big blunderbuss is actually an effective battery of deadly shots. In one of the huts we came upon groups of men sitting round a table on which were spread the component parts of this remarkable weapon. They are many in number and intricate in arrangement. But the plan is speedily mastered by men of the high range of intelligence of these citizen soldiers.

HENRY LUCY

House of Commons, August 18

Correspondence

TRAITS COMMON TO AMERICANS AND RUSSIANS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Mr. H. G. Wells published in the United States at the beginning of the war some notes on Russia in which he declared that the English and Russian peoples were more essentially alike than any other two European groups, he seemed to be trying to make the best of the strange alliance between autocratic Russia and democratic England in a war ostensibly for freedom. But now there are many here in the United States who profess to find a likeness between Russians and Americans. And they seem to be finding explanations for the hitherto mysterious friendship between the republican French and the Russians.

In relation to these discoveries about the Russians the following quotation from Walt Whitman has a prophetic significance. It is taken from a letter written by Whitman in 1881 in endorsement of a proposed translation of his "Leaves of Grass" into Russian:

> The variety of stock-elements and tongues, to be resolutely fused in a common identity and union at all hazards—the idea, perennial through the ages, that they both have their historic and divine mission—the fervent element of manly friendship throughout the whole people, surpass'd by no other races—the grand expanse of territorial limits and boundaries—the unform'd and nebulous state of many things, not yet permanently settled, but agreed on all hands to be the preparation of an infinitely greater future—the fact that both Peoples have their independent and leading positions to hold, keep, and if necessary, fight for, against the rest of the world—the deathless aspirations at the inn .st centre of each great community, so vehement, so mysterious, so abysmic—are certainly features you Russians and we Americans possess in common.

JOEL M. JOHANSON

University of Washington, Seattle, July 27

"THE ROMANCE OF A FRENCH LIBRARY"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Like everything connected even remotely with Brook Farm, Mr. Theodore Stanton's description of his find ("The Romance of a French Library," the *Nation*, July 19) calls up added memories among those who knew the survivors of that unique experiment. Brook Farm itself was the property of Sophia Dana, the first wife of George Ripley, and she lost it at the same time his cherished library had to be sold. She died from the lingering results of an accident caused by the narrowness of their "one room at a New York boarding-house."

To help earn their living, she continued teaching wherever she could find pupils, as she had done for the love of ideas at Brook Farm. Horace Greeley came to the rescue; but, while George Ripley went on with his lifelong German transcendentalizing in his book reviews of the *Tribune*, she continued her self-denying life in begging for the foundation of the House of the Good Shepherd, the first to be opened in the city. Formerly, perhaps now, her portrait could be seen hanging in its parlor. She had become a fervent Catholic, as did also among Brook Farmers Father Hecker, John Dwight, Sarah Stearns (a Sister of Charity), and I dare say others. It might be remembered that the mild Socialism of Brook Farm had for its exotic sources Fourier and Pierre Leroux and French theories rather than German. In fact, Karl Marx had not yet come to organize Socialism into efficiency. The Unitarian church in a backward quarter of Boston, of which George Ripley was pastor when he married Sophia Dana, was sold after they went to Brook Farm and finally was used as a Roman Catholic church—and it was there the requiem mass was said for her. He sat in the place where she had once looked on at his preaching, and her body was in front of the altar which occupied what had been the place of his pulpit.

Thanks are due to Mr. Stanton for the new light he has thrown on those who made Brook Farm—and their relics.

Habent sua fata libelli.

S. D.

Paris, August 15

ROOSEVELT AND THE PRINCE D'ORLÉANS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When President Wilson finally published his refusal to allow Theodore Roosevelt to organize a body of troops for service in France, some of us were reminded of an incident which occurred near the beginning of the war. Shortly after the outbreak of hostilities, young Prince Antoine of Orléans, who had been an officer in the Ninth Hussars, an Austrian cavalry regiment, succeeded in escaping from Austria to Switzerland. On the 16th of August,

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1914, he addressed from Basel to the President of the French Republic a request to be allowed to join the French army and serve his country as a private soldier. President Poincaré refused the request, for the very obvious reason that the young Prince, who had never renounced the claims of his family to the throne of France, might thus become a military hero and a popular idol, and might make political use of his popularity later.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Chicago, June 13

BOOKS

Elizabethan Translations from the Italian

Elizabethan Translations from the Italian. By Mary Augusta Scott (Vassar Semi-Centennial Series). Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75.

IN this volume of the Vassar semi-centennial publications, Miss Scott, who is a graduate of Vassar, a doctor of philosophy of Yale, a professor at Smith, and a long-time student of Elizabethan literature, has brought together the result of her years of investigation. The main part of the book is a bibliography of the subject, but an introduction of forty-five pages furnishes a monograph which is well worth while in itself. The field, Miss Scott tells us, is one that she took for herself from the days of her graduate study. Upon it she has published four studies, and it is evident, as one works over the Bibliography itself, that the material has been carefully and continuously gathered in and built up into the substantial form in which it is now presented to the scholarly world. Altogether three hundred and ninety-four Elizabethan translations from the Italian and seventy-two Italian and Latin publications in England are listed. These are divided into twelve general classes—romances in prose, poetry, plays, metrical romances, religion and theology, science and the arts, grammars and dictionaries, proverbs, voyages and discovery, history and politics, manners and morals. The very recital of titles of classes shows how broad the Englishman's interest was in literature derived from another country. Of the translations, the romances in prose constitute the largest number, the poetical, theological, and historical classes being next. Perhaps it may seem strange that more plays were not translated, but the lack is made up by the use which the Elizabethan dramatists made of plots or stories from the Italian as they worked them over in their own way.

Miss Scott's introduction is clear, and stimulates one's interest. It calls attention to the sidelights of social life, of travel, of Elizabethan education; to Italian influences in every phase of activity, including diplomacy, politics, letter-writing. It indicates how England absorbed the Italian Renaissance in its own fashion so much later than the original intellectual outburst in Italy. It outlines and comments on the titles of the literature which follow.

Since the work is professedly a bibliography, it is as such that it must be judged. In its content the fulness of learning has already been mentioned, and the information is valuable. It will not detract from its value to say that other scholars will doubtless find additions to the titles. The analysis of rare or unique books is a great help, especially where one volume contains different works collected by the English translator from the Italian. Miss Scott says she has not been able to examine all the books she mentions, but, unfortunately, she has not designated those she has not examined, as did that great historical scholar, Charles Gross. Another illuminating feature is the recording of instances where English writers, contemporaneous or modern, have used the work of these translators. These notes, obviously not complete, indicate how the bibliography affords a groundwork for English scholars to fill in by their researches in the years to come.

The arrangement at first sight seems satisfactory. Under each class, titles are arranged according to the year of publication. Subsequent editions are given, including modern reprints. The notes follow, and in some cases are voluminous. Locations of copies are given when in public libraries. The dedications are mentioned with great explicitness, because they show who were patrons of scholarship. But as one works over the titles it becomes apparent that the arrangement is not satisfactory. Indentions mean nothing, italics mean very little, little use is made of different sized types, no help is gained from explanations of succeeding paragraphs, notes follow each other as though a card catalogue of jottings had been put into print without change (see, for example, for italicization, pp. 208, 209, 234, 254; for notes "tacked on" without explanation, pp. 43, 75, 76, 171; for indentions, pp. 103, 205).

But besides satisfactory arrangement, reasonable completeness must be required of a bibliographer. In this case the scholar particularly seeks for notes relative to reprints and modern editions, and to authorship. For the former, Miss Scott mentions many cases when modern editions have been published. This assists the impecunious scholar who is hoarding his pennies to buy the rare work he wishes to edit, or to have continually at hand; indeed, it helps the library which is trying to fill in its collections so that many scholars may each find their specialties. But why should Miss Scott mention a reprint for No. 5 when the same reprint is of Nos. 3 and 4, and is not mentioned? Why should she omit the reprint in Musical Antiquarian Society for No. 110 when she gives it for Nos. 96, 101, and 107? And does she not know "The English Madrigal School" in which Nos. 95, 96, 97, 99, and 120 have been reprinted? She has kept up with some series, and has noted some modern reprints, but has omitted others, especially since 1910 (although the preface bears date of 1916). Yet she sometimes includes a late edition (p. 190, 1914), and for some titles she seems to try to give a complete list (No. 127, William Drummond's poems; No. 109, Godfrey of Bulloigne). These references show the lack of finish which marks the whole work. (For other examples, mention might be made that No. 1 is also reprinted in Hazlitt, "Jest-Books"; No. 2 is also in Singer's edition; there is a 1910 ed. of No. 14; a 1908 ed. of No. 19; Nos. 20, 35, 40 are in J. P. Collier's Reprints; 29 and 139 also in Tudor Facsimiles, 1910; for 41 Esdaile, "English Tales and Romances"—nowhere mentioned in this book—gives other editions, and for 50 also; 89, reprinted by Prof. F. I. Carpenter; 98, also a reprint in 1841 ed. Utterson; 127, in Scottish Text Society; 132, at least five other editions besides those mentioned; and so on.)

But it is with regard to the authorship of the books listed that the most glaring fault appears. The works are given chronologically by title only. The author may appear in the title, he may appear seventeen to thirty-two lines later (Nos. 19, 43), he may be concealed under a foreign name

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(No. 57) or under initials (Nos. 43, 106) or tucked away in notes (Nos. 72, 113, 156), he may not appear at all. In this day, after a generation of increasingly expert cataloguing, and of growing knowledge of the use of catalogues, the scholar's first instinct is to locate a book by its author. Bibliographers and cataloguers, to say nothing of research students and special investigators, spend labor in determining the author of an anonymous work, or in correcting a wrong attribution, or in clearing up other mysteries. Miss Scott has, with rare exceptions, not done this work, with the result that one has frequently to consult the British Museum catalogue or some other authority when the Bibliography itself could have served as that authority by just a little more effort on the part of its compiler.

Skeptic and Protestant

Beyond. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Housemates. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.

IN the depositions before us neither Mr. Galsworthy nor Mr. Beresford has added anything of importance to his earlier testimony upon human affairs and relationships. Here, as we should say if they were canvases, are simply a Galsworthy and a Beresford. Mr. Galsworthy, as we know, has two themes: the complacent rottenness of middle-class civilization, and the helplessness of all humanity in the presence of sex. He is, as it were, a plaintive and well-nigh despairing Gentleman of Shalott, for whom the passing world is reflected in a mirror of two angles. There is the world of society, or the broader human relations, which might perhaps improve itself, if it knew what to try for; and there is the world of sex, which may as well own up to its irresponsibility. Not seldom, as in "Fraternity," these two ideas are interwoven: old Mr. Stone, indifferent to the fellow-beings about him because of his very absorption in his high vision of universal brotherhood; and Hilary Dallison, his wife, and his little model, playing out their hapless scene in the foreground. "Beyond," like "The Dark Flower," is purely a study of sex, or of passion. Here it is supposed to be the "grand" passion instead of the fluctuating indeterminate affair of the earlier story: that grand passion which, according to the poets and especially the poetasters, is bound to justify and complete itself, however it may fare in terms of ordinary morality or happiness. "And yet I wouldn't have been without it," murmurs poor Gyp in the end, sitting among the ruins of her life. And her father, Winton, who in his own time has risked all for love (or nearly all), looks upon her and soliloquizes: "Love! Beyond measure—beyond death—it nearly kills. But one wouldn't have been without it. Why?" Mr. Galsworthy is not a treader in the gross and miry ways of sex; if he were, "The Dark Flower" would have seemed to some of us a book less damnable. He is that more insidious influence, an eloquent and honest pleader from false premises. Love between the sexes to him means passion, on one plane or another; and passion, he insists, may not be procured or secured by formula. Marriage is a social institution, a convention, and therefore a thing of naught. Because it may be a mockery, this observer, like so many of his contemporaries, is blind to the obvious fact that in the main it is not a mockery. He has no knowledge of the mated love, forbearing, self-adjusting, tolerably faithful and contented, which, despite the protests and denials of a noisy minority, continues to make the world go round. When he tries to show marriage, he shows a pair of strangers nominally tied together by a stupid ceremony. They remain stubbornly or helplessly themselves, and therefore, instead of achieving some sort of real union (as four-fifths of the married people do, else we should have got rid of the sham long ago), they either drift apart or are torn apart by some bolt or spark of passion—the grand or the petty thing, as the case may be. Nor, according to this witness, does love outside of marriage offer anything better than ecstasy and unrest. Winton, conventional pattern of the English gentleman and soldier, denies all his nature and breeding in becoming the lover of his friend's wife. Their passion, however grand in theory, remains furtive and petty in practice; it is terminated, after a year, by the death of the mistress. Their unacknowledged child thereafter becomes Winton's ward; and he is fated, as the years pass, to watch her undergoing an experience not unlike his own. She also breaks her marriage vows, but to live with her lover openly; he is killed by chance at the moment when Gyp feels him slipping away along the familiar Galsworthian—or Georgian—path of a fresh sex-interest. "One wouldn't have been without it," perhaps—but it is all pretty hopeless, in the slightly monotonous key of Mr. Galsworthy's refined pessimism. The last word is a hint that Gyp's little daughter by nature faces the same destiny, of a consuming and desperate devotion . . . to what?

We begin to doubt whether Mr. Beresford is likely to produce anything quite so good as that notable piece of constructive realism, the "Jacob Stahl" trilogy. Among the steely humors and vague reactions of his contemporaries, their thumbnail sketching (for photographic enlargement) of the star in the puddle, their megaphonic reporting of what may be seen through the skylight of the people next door, that narrative presented a singular air of naturalness and, so to speak, humankindness. It was at all events the story of a man; and our suspicion that the man might be Mr. Beresford himself had no bearing upon the merits of the portrait. It was done in the modern manner, it lacked Victorian reticence, but it lacked also Georgian effrontery and self-consciousness in the matter of sex. After what we had been suffering at the hands of the current hero of British fiction, this Jacob, with all his faults, was a blessed relief—an essentially nice fellow or, *anglice*, decent sort. If he was a rebel, that was only because, as a young man seeking himself, there were certain obstacles of stupid tradition to be overcome. As "a candidate for truth" he must needs hate falsity. In "These Lynnekers," the atmosphere of revolt becomes heavier, the author steps openly into the ranks of the protesters, the respectability-haters. His Dickie Lynneker is the born nonconformist in a household of timid slaves to convention. Dickie is single-minded, single-hearted youth, bound to be branded as eccentric because it cannot follow its star along the beaten paths of "success." His clean blood differentiates him from the usual fumbling hero of twentieth-century revolt. Yet his story, and especially his love-story, seemed, as we said at the time of its appearance, "tinged with conscious anti-Victorianism, a color of defiance against respectability as such."

The central figure and narrator of "Housemates" is, loosely speaking, a lesser Jacob Stahl, another young provincial who comes up to be knocked into shape by way of an

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architect's office and the inevitable London lodging-house. Unexpectedly, however, the lodging-house becomes the favored scene. No. 73 Keppel Street is to all appearances an ordinary house of the lower class. It lies in an unsavory neighborhood; one of its dwellers is professionally no better than she should be. The others are: a journalist with literary aspirations, a pair of good-natured and commonplace Germans, a shabby promoter and his wife, an emancipated woman who has left her husband and children in order to make a career for herself, and two girls between whom a passionate friendship exists. The elder of these two is a man-hater, no longer very young; she has rescued the younger from dulness and respectability (here we are again!) and is leading her towards independence by way of the theatre. Our Wilfred Hornby presently disturbs the balance of this relation, and in the end carries off young Judith. Before this consummation, however, we are to share the intimate life of 73 Keppel Street, and to feel its strange solidarity despite its apparently haphazard and heterogeneous ingredients. It makes a man of Wilfred Hornby: "In Keppel Street I learned to alter my standard of values. I learnt, before all, that there is not such a creature as a fellow human being I ought not to know; and that just so long as I shrank from sharing the interests of my fellow men, so long must I remain a mere egg; a cramped, distorted entity, bound within a shell that permitted me no true sight of life." Meanwhile, the architect is in making—an artist with a high sense of his task, and a sound contempt for the insincerity and servility that so often go with "success." In the end he wins through without sacrifice of ideals. His faith in a new and honest art is based on his faith in new and honest modes of living. Both, alas, seem to rest too much upon that doubt and hatred of the present which has given its key to Georgian literature. We must have a new age, dedicated to beauty, fired by genuine imagination—first of all, spurning what has been and what is. On such a note of prophecy the book ends: "I know that when this war is over, we shall have to face the immense conflict between capital and labor; between the aristocracy and the dispossessed, separated as they are by that dull, immobile crowd that we speak of as the Middle-Classes. . . . And if we can only find release from all the oppressions of conformity and ugliness by revolution, then revolution may be a blessed thing."

Watts-Dunton

The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton. By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 volumes. $7.50 net.

Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.75 net.

THE life of Theodore Watts, or Watts-Dunton as he called himself in later life, has already been told by his friend and disciple, James Douglas. But that work, though written with gusto, came out before the death of the subject, and suffers from inevitable reservations in personal matters, while displaying the faults of the author's egregiously romantic temperament. The present volumes, therefore, will be welcome, though far from satisfactory. They are the work of men who knew Watts-Dunton and his circle intimately, and are frank and moderate in tone; but they are scrappy, not to say confused, in composition, and Watts-Dunton's rather meagre accomplishments as a letter-writer do not add much to their interest.

Naturally, the life of a quiet man of law who wrote critical articles and poetry in his leisure moments, and whose chief division was dining out—unless his swimming excursions with Swinburne should hold that place—does not offer much in the way of narrative excitement. That indeed is the limitation of most literary biography, but somehow in the case of our critic we do not have the compensation of feeling ourselves in touch with a vivid inner life, whether this is the fault of the subject or of the biographers. The most intimate chapter is that furnished by the young woman who married Watts-Dunton in his old age. It has the merit of proving that he could inspire love as well as friendship; whether her reminiscences are in entirely good taste is a question we do not care to answer.

In criticism of the critic and poet the book is sound and surprisingly honest, particularly in the contributions furnished by several writers whose names do not appear on the title page. Thus Mr. John Lawrence Lambe says:

> I am convinced, however, that Watts-Dunton's literary and philosophical generalizations must be taken with caution; that even in his best work they are apt to be vague, illogical, nay, sometimes almost contradictory. He had none of the aloofness of the philosopher, and I regret the great success of "Aylwin," inasmuch as, in my opinion, it has tended to obscure his real function, which was that of a poet's poet, a man not only poetical in himself, but a most fruitful cause of poetry in other men. In this respect the list of the world's writers who can compete with him is probably a short one.

In their own estimate the biographers declare that, "despite a wide and varied knowledge of English literature, he was not, in the strict sense of the term, a great scholar; and his real strength lay neither in any profundity of research, nor in any marked originality of outlook, but in a strikingly retentive memory and in a gift for happy allusiveness." Further on they add:

> And if acute sensibility lay at the root of this hesitant attitude [to criticism, which made him reluctant to publish], it as surely affected the entirety of his work. Whether as a romancer or a critic, he exhibits both the failings and the merits of the sentimental temperament.
>
> He had a full measure of that picturesque charm and dramatic aptitude of the skilful sentimentalist in letters; but he had also, as his romances show, a taste for redundant embroidery, and for conventional values, that separates Sentimentality from Romanticism. The true Romantic builds on Reality; the Sentimentalist is always trying to escape from it.

When the final account is made these critics of Watts-Dunton will be found right in their judgment that his great work was not in what he himself accomplished, whether as novelist and poet or as professional critic, but in his influence on others. The biographers specify that power finely when they observe that his "influence upon Rossetti was an intellectual and artistic influence; the influence upon Swinburne was almost entirely ethical." To have brought intellect into the imagination of Rossetti and ethics into the art of Swinburne was no mean achievement. And this and other achievements of the same sort were the result of his great gift of friendship; here, indeed, he had "an imperious magnetism." As one of the contributors to the volumes, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, remarks: "It is only fair to remember that his life work, his *magnum opus*, must be looked for not in literature but in friendship"; and this quality of his life work is

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shown in the very chapter headings of the present biography, which are marked by the names not only of Rossetti and Swinburne but of Gordon Hake and Whistler and Christina Rossetti and other more or less known mid-Victorians.

But if Watts-Dunton's *magnum opus* was in friendship, in one sense it is an *opus valde desiderandum,* much to be desired but never accomplished. Mr. Kernahan gives a quotation from a letter of Francis Hindes Groome which points to our irreparable loss:

> Watts, I hope, has *not* definitely abandoned the idea of a Life of Rossetti, or he might, as he suggests, weave his reminiscences of him into his own reminiscences. But I doubt. The only way I believe would be for some one regularly, day after day, to engage him in talk for a couple of hours, and for a shorthand writer to be present to take it down.

That might have been one of the monumental books of the nineteenth century, for if Watts-Dunton had something of imperial magnetism in friendship, he had also a genius for that sort of writing which combines intimate portrayal of character with personal criticism of his friends' works. That genius is shown in many of his *Athenæum* obituaries and in his introductions to such poems as Wells's "Joseph." Unfortunately he never recognized fully his powers in this respect; otherwise, despite his dilatoriness, he might have set his hand resolutely to producing a finished and complete record of the great and intensely interesting circle of which Rossetti was, as he calls him in "Aylwin," the Haroun-al-Raschid. What a book that might have been, and is never to be! Some echoes of it are caught in the present biography, but very faint. Scattered and fragmentary as are the articles collected in the volume to which Mr. Herbert Jenkins has given the title of "Old Familiar Faces," we are almost inclined to set that volume in value above the books of romance and poetry published by Watts-Dunton himself, and above the collection of philosophical critiques recently collected by Mr. Thomas Hake and noted at the head of this review.

It is known that Watts-Dunton from an early date had in mind to compose a scholarly and philosophical work on the fundamental elements of poetry. The *disjecta membra* of that work may be found in his famous articles in "Chambers's Encyclopædia" and the "Encyclopædia Britannica." These Mr. Hake has brought together and pieced out with various kindred disquisitions from the *Athenæum;* so that in "Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder" we have what may be regarded as a sketch of what was to be the author's formal contribution to the philosophy of criticism. His leading ideas are well known and need not be reviewed here and now. Our own estimate of their value coincides in the main with the views already quoted by us from the biography.

The Future Naval Officer

Life at the U. S. Naval Academy. By Ralph Earle. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

IT is chiefly, although not exclusively, by passing through the Naval Academy that American lads become naval officers. The expansion of the navy has, of late, assumed a magnitude quite unimagined a few years ago. This in itself would have called for many more officers even if the need had not been increased by our entering into the greatest war in all history. That need is reflected in the growing number of admissions into the institution at Annapolis, so wisely founded by the late George Bancroft in 1845. Each year now finds not less than a thousand boys who, as "principals" (having an appointment to the Naval Academy) or as "alternates" (succeeding to the appointment in the event of the "principals" failing to pass the required physical and mental examinations) are keenly interested in this school. Not less so are, or should be, their parents or guardians, every one of whom ought to study carefully Chapter II of this book, The Candidate, in order to learn how to obtain an appointment and what to do to avoid many a heart-breaking failure. It is to enlighten them, their sons, or wards that this admirable little work has been written by one who not only has intimate knowledge of his subject, but who also speaks with the approval of the authorities.

Chronologically, Commander Earle (temporarily a rear-admiral, as chief of the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department) takes the boy from the moment he aspires to join the navy, and, step by step, indicates the difficulties he will encounter at the entrance examinations; describes the life at Annapolis, with its manifold duties and modicum of pleasures; warns him against things not in harmony with its aims or spirit; and, finally, after graduation, places him on board a man-of-war, where he is to put into practice the theories he has already imbibed.

If there be a better school than this, the reviewer has yet to hear of it. Many persons in a position to judge think it the best in the country. There may be some truth in this contention, for, in common with West Point, it enjoys the inestimable advantage of being able ruthlessly to eliminate the idle, the inept, and the vicious from its student body. By analysis of the records, the author reaches the conclusion that "failures in conduct are the portion of the least worthy members, a result which is to be expected and a proof that proper living is as essential to the Naval Academy as to other walks in life." Owing to the power it possesses, as just mentioned, the school can cover in four years an astounding extent of ground, as exhibited in Appendix I (a résumé of the curriculum); nor is this instruction superficial. Thoroughness is enforced at all points, so that in general and special professional knowledge its graduate is admittedly without a peer of similar grade in any navy in the world.

The rate of loss is not small. For example, on April 18, 1916, 797 midshipmen remained at the Academy out of 918 present the previous October. Of the 121 who "dropped out," 13 per cent. of the whole list, only 82 failed in scholarship, 39 having "severed their connection for other reasons, such as dismissal for bad conduct, physical disability, or voluntary resignations." It is sad to read that many failures in the fourth-class (or entering) year are attributed "to the fact that the habits of study are not formed," a severe criticism of our school system. But it is, on the other hand, pleasant to note that the author records the total disappearance of "hazing," a disgrace to the Academy once not uncommon, and that he dwells upon the invariable acceptance of the midshipman's statement as the truth.

Those midshipmen (the title borne by the students) who, at the semi-annual examinations, fall short of a specified standard in scholarship are liable to dismissal, but a second chance is practically always given to such as have faithfully done their best. Justice is tempered with mercy even here.

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On the other hand, the idler is remorselessly expelled. There is no place for him in the navy while scores of earnest lads stand ready to fill the vacancy he has created.

The textbooks employed are, for the most part, of very recent date. They are mentioned in Appendix I. Much more reliance, however, is placed, in the physical branches, upon actual work in laboratories, whose equipment and facilities are unsurpassed in the whole country.

The academic year, beginning October 1, is divided into the autumn and winter term ending February 1 and the spring term ending June 1. The three summer months are spent afloat on "the practice cruise," at the completion of which the midshipmen receive a very welcome leave of absence during September.

The parent or guardian will be particularly impressed by Chapter VIII, Religion—Discipline—Morals. A school must have reached a high ethical plane when, as here, a class will not tolerate an evasive statement or dishonorable conduct on the part of one of its members, but tries him before a court of honor and often recommends his dismissal if proved guilty.

With the exception of a few trifling errors in the historical introduction, this creditable issue from the Putnams' press could hardly be improved on. It abounds in illustrations which give it a valuable touch of realism. The style is admirable, being simple, clear, and direct, an added attraction for which the reader will be grateful to the accomplished author.

Frederick the Great

Frederick the Great: The Memoirs of His Reader, Henri de Catt (1758-1760). Translated by F. S. Flint. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

"IN talking to you of what I have read, I impress thoroughly on my memory the things I read, and I acquire thereby greater clearness of ideas and ease of expression." This remark of Frederick's to Catt pretty baldly defines the latter's function to the King. As Johnson had his Boswell and Goethe his Eckermann, so Frederick had his Catt. For more than a score of years Catt formed the friendly conduit for royal egotism. In his faithful and devoted presence the King could unbosom himself about his emotions, recite his poems and funeral orations, and explain their subtle meaning and sublime intention. To him Frederick could declaim Racine or Cicero (in French), sometimes suddenly breaking off to discourse upon their beauty, sometimes bursting into tears of admiration and sensibility. For behind the screen which he wore before the world, Frederick was one of the most emotional and lachrymose of monarchs.

Being a French-speaking Swiss, with an independent, cheerful, optimistic outlook on life, Catt was well qualified for the position of literary crony to the German King who despised the German language. His Memoirs, based on a diary, record chiefly the King's conversations in the midst of the sieges and marches of the latter part of the Seven Years' War. But there is little of war in them, except that now and then Frederick made him bend over a map and pointed out to him where the next blow against the Austrians was to fall. Did we know Frederick only through Catt, we should think of him mainly as a man of musical and literary tastes. Music and poetry were to the King what smoking is to men of to-day. They filled up the gaps of his time, soothed his cares and troubles, refreshed him, and assisted his meditations and digestion.

In these days of war and bitterness, when the Kaiser's forebears are likely to get less than their deserts, it is pleasant to have such a delightful record of a personality which really had much generosity, tender kindliness, love of innocent jesting and amusement, and disgust with war and frightfulness. No other document shows so well the human side of Frederick as this daily record of the faithful Swiss, even though we must concede that Catt has touched up some scenes for artistic effect, and perhaps even put occasionally into the King's mouth words which he did not actually say, but which Catt knew that it would have been appropriate for him to have said. Carlyle, in writing his life of Frederick, would have been only too delighted with these Memoirs, had he been acquainted with them. They would have formed a welcome oasis in the desert of Dryasdusts against whom he loved to fulminate.

Among the topics of conversation to which Frederick most frequently recurred—his miserable youth, his dreams, his longing for the leisure and literary delights of Sans Souci, the charm of poetry and music, the importance of hard study in one's youth, and the consolation of history and philosophy in old age—Voltaire was always a favorite subject. Of him the King had innumerable anecdotes, many of them representing the petty or malicious side of his former guest's character. But Frederick still retained a great admiration for Voltaire's genius, and often summed up an evening's talk with some such phrase as (II, 18): "You must agree that this man writes divinely well. If his heart equalled his talents, what a man, my friend, what a man, and how small we should all feel before him!"

Notes

THE forthcoming autumn publications of the Macmillan Company are announced as follows: "The Soul of a Bishop," by H. G. Wells; "King Coal," by Upton Sinclair; "The Life of Augustin Daly," by Joseph Francis Daly; "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," edited by Worthington C. Ford, seventh volume; Wilfrid Wilson Gibson's "Poems"; "The Heart of the Puritan," by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom; "Elizabeth Bess," by E. C. Scott; "The Island of Appledore," by Adair Aldon; "A Maid of Old Manhattan," by Mr. and Mrs. Knipe.

"New Footprints in Old Places," by Pauline Stiles, is announced for publication this autumn by Paul Elder & Company.

Among the volumes which A. C. McClurg Co. announce for publication this autumn are the following: "The Messiah of the Cylinder," by Victor Rousseau; "The Devil's Own," by Randall Parrish; "Terse Verse," by Walt Mason; and "A Princess of Mars," by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

Boni & Liveright announce for publication this month the following volumes: "Utopia of Usurers," by Gilbert K. Chesterton; "The History of Tammany Hall," by Gustavus Myers.

The John C. Winston Co. announce the forthcoming publication of the following volumes: "The Wonder Book of Knowledge," compiled and edited by Henry C. Hill; "Mother Goose Rhymes and Favorite Fairy Tales"; "Red Cross Girls with the Italian Army," by Margaret Vandercook.

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HARPER & BROTHERS will publish shortly the following volumes: "The Innocents," by Sinclair Lewis; "The Big Little Person," by Rebecca Hooper Eastman; "Rhymes of Our Home Folks," by John D. Wells, and "The Story of the Little Angels," by Laura Spencer Porter.

The early publication of the following volumes is announced by E. P. Dutton & Company: "Self-Government in Russia," by Paul Vinogradov; "Under Fire," by Henri Barbusse; "Railway Nationalization and the Average Citizen," by William H. Moore.

Among the autumn publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons are the following volumes: "The White Ladies of Worcester," by Florence L. Barclay; "The Safety Curtain and Other Stories," by Ethel M. Dell; "Maktoub," by Matthew Craig; "Connie Morgan with the Northwest Mounted," by James B. Hendryx; "The White Blanket," by Belmore Browne; "Sheridan's Twins," by Sidford Hamp; "About Peggy Saville," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; three volumes of "The Cambridge History of American Literature"; "Supernatural in Modern English Fiction," by Dorothy Scarborough; "In the Footsteps of St. Paul," by Francis E. Clarke.

The Century Company will publish during September the following books: "Ladies Must Live," by Alice Duer Miller; "Dormie One," by Holworthy Hall; "The Girl Next Door," by Augusta Seaman; "Wilderness Honey," by Frank L. Pollock; "Political Ideals," by Bertrand Russell; "Sid Says," by J. M. Siddall; "The Golden Eagle," by Allen French; "Camp Jolly," by Frances Little; "The Lost Little Lady," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Arthur Alden Knipe; "Boys' Book of Sports," by Grantland Rice; "The Adirondacks," by T. Morris Longstreth; "Heroes of To-day" and "Heroines of Service," by Mary R. Parkman; "Piang, the Moro Boy," by Florence Partello Stuart; "Story Book of Science," by Jean Henri Fabre; "Under Boy Scout Colors," by Joseph Ames; "Calvary Alley," by Alice Hegan Rice; "Vagabonding Down the Andes," by Harry A. Frank, and "The Rebuilding of Europe," by David Jayne Hill.

"THE Moderns," by John Freeman, an English critic, is a collection of thoughtful though somewhat diffuse essays on Shaw, Wells, Hardy, Maeterlinck, Henry James, Conrad, Patmore, Francis Thompson, and Robert Bridges (Crowell; $1.75). Mr. Freeman's criticism is in general neither an attack nor a laudation nor a colorless "interpretation," but a patient, good-tempered circumnavigation of the subject with a running commentary vigorous at many points if not always vigorously coördinated. He is by no means a thoroughgoing "modern"; his judgments imply acquaintance with the history of English literature, a taste for the wholesome and the substantial, and respect for the great moral and religious traditions. In matters of form and style he is less acute than elsewhere—he speaks, for example, with undue contempt of Mr. Shaw's prose as prose and with extravagant admiration of Mr. Hardy's verse as verse; and he finds poetical felicities in Patmore and Robert Bridges which few will share with him. He is strong in his applications of common-sense and the emotions attendant upon it to the paradox, the bombast, and the sentimental flummery of our fashionable contemporaries. He admits that Mr. Shaw amuses him, but on the whole deprecates the attempt to find anything in Mr. Shaw but amusement: "The whole of his characters move in a peculiarly rare atmosphere of inhumanity. . . . With less of liveliness his plays would be detestable; with more of humanity they would be absurd." Of Mr. Wells: "You come to note in his work much activity but little power, haste without advance, and (for the ultimate truth) curiosity without reflectiveness." Maeterlinck, he declares, is "as far from being a mystic as he is from being a foreign missionary, for he has no faith; he is only a cultivated amateur of the vague: "The human experience behind these essays seems small, the spiritual experience languid; and no cunning rhetoric or stiff amplitude of ornate similes will disguise the frail vitality of the inspiration or the undisciplined weakness of the control." Mr. Freeman is at his best and happiest in his recognitions of spiritual values: the moral intensity of Hardy; the authentic sense of God manifested in Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven"; in the work of Henry James, "the point of honour in its universal reference to the lives of men and women"; in the work of Conrad, "an impression of nobleness, of dignity, honour, and enduringness" which survives after the impression of melancholy has passed away. Take it all in all, Mr. Freeman has discriminated pretty consistently between the transitory and the permanent elements in his group of contemporaries.

MR. MASEFIELD'S reputation as dramatist will not be enhanced by the two one-act plays which add Iceland and Ireland to the roll of solitary and melancholy lands—Egypt, Spain, Japan, Palestine—embraced in the compass of his migratory drama ("The Locked Chest and The Sweeps of Ninety-eight," two one-act plays; Macmillan; $1.25). In "The Locked Chest" the wife shelters the fugitive homicide; the husband sells him to the pursuer; the wife abandons the husband and elopes with the fugitive, whom a wile, too subtle to be shrewd, has released from the avenger's grasp. In the "Laxdaela Saga," the source of the plot, the story is pithy and slack; in Mr. Masefield's version it is crisp and marrowless. Mr. Masefield has tightened the muscles and removed the viscera. The play's effectiveness on the stage is quite conceivable; the stage is not hostile to evisceration. A manager might pause over the fact that the drama both hastens and delays; the dialogue is almost as much held back by repetition as it is sped forward by energy and conciseness. Mr. Masefield still shows the workman's pride in his work, but hardly the artist's bewitchment with his theme. For the three male characters his unconcern is impartial, and the scant interest he vouchsafes to the woman is rather dole than tribute. The rupture between husband and wife is effected with a workmanlike dispatch which levies no toll on the sensibilities of the reader.

A SIMILAR numbness may be found even in the bustle and swagger of "The Sweeps of Ninety-eight," a boisterous yet melancholy sketch, in which three Protestant magistrates are frightened into a chimney by the fifing of their own troops and packed off to jail by unobservant comrades. Of all which one can only say that Mr. Masefield's faith in the reader's faith deserves a recompense which that pampered and ungrateful personage is little likely to bestow. He will doubtless concede the spirit of various details and a measure of success in the pose of magnificence assumed by the contumacious Irishman who engineers the

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trick. The point of most interest in the two playlets is the disclosure of a layer of phlegm in a writer who riveted an earlier public by the spell of his passionate susceptibility—a fact which will astonish the thoughtless and interest the wise.

SIR GEORGE GREENWOOD'S efforts to reduce to a phantom the author of the plays which go under Shakespeare's name remind one of Byron's theory respecting the "Letters of Junius"—viz., that they were written by "nobody at all."

> I don't see wherefore letters should not be
> Written without hands, since we daily view
> Them written without heads.

In his most recent publication, however—"Sir Sidney Lee's New Edition of a Life of William Shakespeare" (Lane; 50 cents net)—this hobby is not prominent, although the criticism is, of course, still purely destructive. Sir Sidney has not infrequently laid himself open to the charge of giving little or no recognition to the evidence that conflicts with the views which he himself adopts. There are more flagrant instances of this than any that Sir George Greenwood has here cited. For instance, Mr. A. W. Pollard's studies in the question of the origin of the Shakespeare quartos have in the minds of most Shakespearean scholars thoroughly discredited the old notion to which Lee still clings, that those editions were, without exception, pirated, yet these important studies are dismissed in the revised "Life" with a bare mention. The present volume (of less than fifty pages) consists of a sheaf of criticisms, mainly directed against Sir Sidney Lee. The most telling pages are those in which the writer, turning the tables on the biographer, endeavors to convict the latter of errors that are due to a want of legal knowledge. Thus the story of Shakespeare's deer-stealing at Charlecote, which Lee accepts, is attacked from this point of view; for there was no impaled park at Charlecote, and, according to Elizabethan law, only when the deer were so enclosed was a depredator liable to prosecution. On the other hand, the citation from Holinshed of a parallel to Sir Hugh Evans's unsavory joke in the "Merry Wives" concerning "the dozen white luces" in Justice Shallow's coat-of-arms—in Holinshed the pun is on *fleur-de-lys*—does not appear to us, after all, to invalidate the common identification of that worthy with Sir Thomas Lucy. The coincidence of the luces being in the coat-of-arms of both is too striking. The difference of number in the two cases is immaterial. Other matters with respect to which the writer censures Lee's dogmatism are the illiteracy of Shakespeare's father, the identity of the person whom Chettle in the Preface to his "Kind Hartes Dream" describes as "exelent in the qualitie he professes," the Jonsonian authorship of the prefaces to the First Folio, Shakespeare's learning, etc. These are all questions of long-standing debate, in regard to which it is not likely that unanimity will ever be attained, but Sir George Greenwood discusses the evidence with learning and acumen, and what he has written may be read with profit.

IN his "Questions of War and Peace" (T. Fisher Unwin) L. T. Hobhouse assembles an article on "The Soul of Civilization," printed in 1915, an address on "The Future of Internationalism," delivered in 1916, and a dialogue on "The Hope of the World." The future of internationalism is to be attained by seeking "to work through the existing Alliance towards something of the nature of a permanent federation, and through a federation of Allies towards the ultimate ideal of a united Europe." Germany can take her place in this "going concern," which has shown its ability to take hard knocks without falling to pieces, when she gets over her present obsessions. "The Soul of Civilization" is saved because of the spirit in which the present war is being fought by the soldiers of the Allies; this has become a struggle, not between one country and another, "but a struggle for the elements of a free and human civilization as we understand the terms. In such a struggle many things may go under, but as long as we fight in this spirit we shall save our souls alive." The dialogue is about twice as long as the other two parts taken together; it winds ingeniously through a number of argumentative phases and winds up with a discourse by one Sister Agatha, which indicates clearly enough the general trend of the piece. "Look within, then," she concludes, "and you find one side of the fundamental truth, since you yourself, as the Indian thinkers found out, touch the ultimate springs of being. Look without, and you can see enough to recognize the streams that flow from them. If you cut yourself off from one side, you fall into doubt and despair. If from the other, you relapse into other-worldliness and superstition. In a great calamity which disarranges your beliefs and cheats your hopes, you must fall back on the faith within, which will tell you that you mistook the course of history and looked for too easy a fruition. Yet in this harder way of life the same essential soul will find itself winning through a sacrifice and suffering, of which you could not endure to think, a crown of which you had not dreamed." It is largely a

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matter of temperament whether this sort of thing results in inspiration or irritation.

AMONG the various books on Slavic subjects which the war has called forth in this country Dr. Edward H. Lewinski-Corwin's "The Political History of Poland" (New York: The Polish Book Importing Company) claims a distinct place. Fully familiar with his subject as the author is, he has sketched the history of the Polish state from its early beginnings to its disintegration, and has followed the fortunes of its scattered remnants down to the present day. The chapter on The Polish Question and the Great War contains information on the Polish Legions and on the present attitude of Polish patriots towards Russia, Germany, and Austria not easily obtainable elsewhere. In general, the author admits that Polish hopes, even after the outbreak of the war, centred mainly in Galicia, which "proved to be the Polish Piedmont," but he now believes that a free and republican Russia will make the reconstruction of Poland, as an independent state, in confederation with Lithuania and Ruthenia, a political possibility. Thus the unparalleled misfortunes which forced Poles to fight against Poles in the present war may after all result in the realization of Mickiewicz's vision of a beneficent catastrophe resulting in the rebirth of the Polish nation. The interest of Dr. Lewinski-Corwin's volume is enhanced by numerous illustrations, which reflect all the more credit on his enterprise and that of his publishers, in that, owing to the war, they were all obtained on this side of the ocean. It must be said, however, that the book might have gained in value by more careful proofreading, which would have eliminated inconsistencies in spelling and unidiomatic expressions.

THE concluding volume of the new edition of the International Encyclopædia is notable for a seventy-five-page article on "War in Europe." It is probably the first attempt to correlate the events of the great conflict down to June, 1916, and is primarily interesting as, in some measure, an answer to the question, How will encyclopædists of the future deal with so colossal a subject? Written while the struggle is still going on, the article or rather articles—for the whole is the work of several hands—cannot be considered as exhaustive or final, but the account of the various campaigns is minute and authoritative, and the pages devoted to the causes of the war show a praiseworthy endeavor towards impartiality. There is certainly no pro-Ally bias in such a statement as: "Russia was expected to be slow, but, on the contrary, was so energetic as to suggest a belief that she began mobilization before the formal declaration of war." The judgment pronounced concerning the issue of the outstanding battles of 1915 is definite. Thus we read of the battle of Neuve Chapelle: "The net result of the battle was undeniably a British defeat, in that they had failed to carry through their plans. But it is also undeniable that they had managed to break the enemy lines; whether the price paid was worth it, is doubtful." There is no attempt to rival, under the proper headings, the evolutionary treatment of tactics and instruments of war given to the subject in the recent magazine articles of Prof. Raoul Blanchard, but the International's treatise shows everywhere, in the political, economic, and international aspects of the subject, as well as in the purely military ones, thorough competence and skill. The short biographies, unavoidably relegated to foot-notes, of even such celebrities as Mackensen and Brussilov will in future editions doubtless be supplemented by more adequate articles. The notice of Auffenberg contains an error common to so many English accounts of Austrian generals. He was not made a field-marshal, but a major-general (Feldmarschall-Lieutenant) in 1905, and had attained the rank of general of infantry when he fell into disgrace.

IN the swift march of events, the commerce-destroying career of the German cruiser Emden, brought to an end by the English cruiser Sidney at Keeling Island, in November of 1914, is now all but forgotten. From the press of Ritter & Company, Boston, there appeared, about the time our own participation in the war began, an account of the Emden's cruise, written by Lieutenant-Captain von Muecke and translated into English by Helene S. White. The book bears most of the characteristic marks of the present German state of mind, reckless abuse of the English, reckless twisting of the well-known facts of current history, and reckless assumption of German superiority over anything and everything in opposition. There is an attempt to throw a romantic halo about the story, but in this, as in so many other things, we have only another exhibition of the German inability to read the signs of the times. The world at large no longer looks upon war as a kind of gigantic tournament for popular delectation, where non-combatants may crowd about the side-lines and applaud a brilliant feat on either side. To the modern attitude of mind it is a sorry business at best, and no brilliant dash of forces in a cause essentially wrong can remove the dark shadow of that wrong from the consciousness of right-thinking people. The Emden's commander, individually, did not display that brutality towards victims which has so seriously stained the German name in the present war, and the exploits of his crew showed a bravery and efficiency which no one would hesitate to applaud in a good cause. But all this, unfortunately, cannot clear the cruise of the Emden from its connection with the cause which sought to accomplish its purpose through such acts as the brutal and lawless rape of Belgium, the disgraceful execution of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, the enslavement of Belgian workingmen and women, the worse than Hunnish devastation of conquered territory, the dastardly crime of the Lusitania, the persistent air raids intentionally aimed at defenceless women and children, and other such component parts of the great crime against humanity concocted in the council chambers of Prussian militarism. For the forces compelled against their will to take up arms against all this, there will be the warm approval befitting a sad duty nobly done; but as for the "glory" of warfare which Lieutenant-Captain von Muecke tries to throw over his three months of ship-sinking in the interests of Hohenzollern imperialism, that is a conception belonging to a bygone age.

THE historical writings which have grown up about the British counties represent a literature so vast that a small city of libraries would be required to contain it, and that merely to catalogue it would be the task of a corps of scholars working for many years. Of its extent and variety we have impressive evidence in a bulky, beautifully printed volume called "A Handbook of County Bibliography, Being

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a Bibliography of Bibliographies Relating to the Counties and Towns of Great Britain and Ireland," by Arthur L. Humphreys (published by the author, 187 Piccadily, London). The word "towns" in the title is misleading, for, if we except one or two of the greatest cities, towns and parishes are not given separate divisions; they could not without greatly expanding a list of bibliographies, and of source books, indexes, and records serving the purpose of bibliographies which, as it is, fills 400 large, finely printed pages. The author attempts to give the location of all local manuscript collections and printed collections in existence; to bring to light the large amount of bibliographical work in the Transactions of County Historical or Antiquarian Societies; and has included bibliographical books and pamphlets relating to ballads, broadsides, chapbooks, newspapers, maps, and portraits. To take the most important division, London (Middlesex), we find a list of nine special topographical and ten special local collections in London libraries, a long list of general bibliographies, and lists of special bibliographies on manuscripts, on corporation records, on livery companies, on pageants, on archæology, on ecclesiastics, on streets, on maps and views, on printers and booksellers (52 titles here alone), on ballads and chapbooks, and so on. Included in the volume are lists of general bibliographies bearing upon England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. It would be idle to point out omissions, as an American acquainted with American bibliographies here neglected might; they are inevitable, and the work is as nearly exhaustive as one man could well make it.

TO appreciate Dr. George A. Gordon's "Aspects of the Infinite Mystery" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net), the reader should imagine himself in a house of worship and suitably prepared for the sermon by meditation, song, and prayer. A special season of preparation may be required of the historical student of Scripture in order that he may receive without fretting unargued judgments, as, for example, that all apocalyptic words of Jesus "must be disregarded, not as necessarily untrue, but whether true or false, as unintelligible." Properly prepared, however, all readers will find themselves happy in being led into the heavenly places by a rare religious soul, a friend of Plato as well as Paul, who is all aglow with the faith that "the idea of the good is the inevitable quest of the human spirit." They may not, indeed, even at the end of the discourse, be able to state in prose the findings of the preacher with such precision as should convince the outsider, but they will feel that for the time being they have actually been in mystical touch with the Infinite.

NOTICE of Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington's "Engravers and Etchers" (The Art Institute of Chicago) comes as a sort of supplement to the reviews grouped in the *Nation* of June 7 last under the heading "The Appreciation of Prints." In his prefatory note "To the Reader" he disclaims, indeed, all intention to offer either a "History of Engraving, or a manual of How to Appreciate Prints." But it is precisely as an aid to appreciation that these lectures are to be considered; not as a formal or comprehensive treatise, but a consideration of certain prints, a stimulus to farther reading—and to a study of the prints themselves, which after all is the ultimate and main thing. The origin of the book is quite obvious from its style, which is that of the lecturer speaking as the pictures are shown or are thrown on the screen, detailed descriptions of certain prints alternating with references to things possibly taken a little too much for granted, at times, when addressing an audience "to the majority of whom," as our present lecturer says, "engravings and etchings were an unexplored country." But the gratifying thing, after all, is that the audience was there to hear about so special a subject, and was served sapiently and gracefully. Mr. Carrington's manner of approach seems to have had, perhaps, a faint flavor occasionally of the personal and anecdotic style of the late Frederick Keppel, who knew his public. To that same public there is reassurance in the common-sense advice (p. 124) to enjoy Dürer's Knight, Death, and the Devil "for its æsthetic content primarily, and for its potential meanings afterwards." It is also satisfying to see brought out again (p. 259) the everlasting truth that it is necessary that one shall meet "the etcher half way," and be "content with a suggestion and capable of reconstructing from it the artist's mood." And the closing words (p. 274) anent the landscape work of Rembrandt and Whistler are refreshingly independent. In fact, this last lecture, dealing with landscape, is perhaps the best in its directness and unity, and the tribute to Dürer's little-realized importance in this field is noted with pleasure by the reviewer. As to the illustrations, regrets concerning the havoc with lines played by the halftone screen are of course unavoidable. And one may at least question whether the irritatingly glazed and malodorous paper used throughout the book is necessary. Mr. Paff's bibliographical lists, obviously not intended to be complete, are helpful.

The Nereid's Embrace

SEA-BATHING is not for every constitution. The endowment of a stout heart and a normal circulation is prerequisite. A certain amount of hardihood is also necessary, for there is always a mental hazard to overcome; but, if these conditions are fulfilled, the sport may be followed from boyhood to grandfatherhood with benefit and pleasure. *Experto crede!*

For most, sea-bathing is the diversion of a midsummer vacation, lasting a fortnight or so, an affair of danger ropes and skylarking and much lounging on the heated sands. This is mere flirtation with the nymph, treating her, in fact, like a summer girl. The chosen band of her true lovers court her embraces from earliest spring until late autumn, and there be those whom not even winter can defeat. For such determined wooing, constant proximity is needed. Such extremists are not to be pitied, even when they advance barefoot over the white frosted boards or return from the plunge with a freezing towel. Only by living beside the sea does one come to learn the ways and moods of that *folle maîtresse,* and may be permitted to speak of her many charms.

> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety.

At rest, in the uproar of long rollers breaking on the sand, by day, by night, she is full of allure; but beyond all question, the morning is her hour of greatest charm. "Zephyr with Aurora maying," the west wind in conjunction with the dawn is a time of enchantment. The air is one caress;

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the path across the fields is bordered by junipers dew besprent; the grass is full of pearl-hung gossamer tents; the ten minutes' walk from the house to the bathing wharf furnishes just the right glow of anticipation. Thanks to local custom, no prudish trammels of bathing suit are required, and the wharf is covered with happy Adamites, in all stages of undress, about to plunge or emerging from the brine. All ages are there; and some sculptor's models. The sun is a few degrees above the horizon; and his beams shine warm on the naked bodies. Like fire-worshippers we face the east.

There are ways and ways of making the contact. Some drop in feet first, upright, hands close by the sides; some cautiously descend the ladders; a few wade in from the shore. The most dive. Diving is an art that demands confidence and self-control. To stand on the end of the springboard and look down induces hesitation. All experience with earth forbids casting yourself down headlong. Diving is throwing yourself from a height, and the bathing wharf seems the Tarpeian rock. Can the diver be absolutely certain of his reception by the element, once he resigns himself to the force of gravitation? A flat concussion, turning over, crumpling up of the legs, are all to be avoided in a successful dive. Imitation, practice, sore resounding smacks, are the diver's best teachers. Watch G. W. running down the wharf! He is a little man, perfectly proportioned. His feet twinkle swiftly. He reaches the wharf edge at the right instant, flings himself far out in a flowing curve, flashes into the water and out again, head and shoulders with marvellous swiftness. Tall, athletic C. U. is more deliberate, as becomes his height; but he slips into the water with incomparable grace, hardly making a splash. Before he rises to the surface he takes a dozen long sweeps with his arms; his long, pale body shows dim below the green water. Poor W. is dead of a cruel disease all his clean living could not save him from, while U. is a colonel of artillery and was decorated for his services on the Somme. "The cool silver shock of the plunge"—Robert Browning knew what he was writing about; but no pool, however "living," can match the sparkling vivacity of the contact with the salt sea. If it is not "cool," distinctly cool, half the charm is lost. When the temperature of the water approaches that of the blood, which the effeminate desire, the reaction is too slight. Swimming in such tropical water as Virginia Beach or the Lido leaves one languid. The good northern tidewater at 60 degrees or thereabouts is the more desirable. Emerging a bright shell pink or a lobster red, the swimmer is sure of proper reaction. If there is a sensation superior to that which follows the brisk header of a summer morning, it is unknown to me. There is an incomparable exhilaration, for the medicinal salt has affected every square inch of the covering skin and roused the heart and veins. After leisurely drying and dressing in the open air, the homeward stroll to the creature comforts of a hearty breakfast is a royal progress.

Of course, it is possible to overdo a good thing. *Meden agan!* Dallying with the Nereid too long—a strong temptation when the water is "just right"—will leave the bather flaccid and drained of energy for the day. But the brief morning plunge taken daily is the finest of tonics. It clears the head and braces the body. The universal afflictions of nerves and colds flee before it; but these exemptions from the common lot are not the swimmer's reasons for his pursuit. That is too prosaic. He loves and wooes the Nereid for her own sake, and these rewards are among her uncounted favors.

Improving Our Flowers*

LUTHER BURBANK is very far from being the only plant educator, or the first one. What makes him so conspicuous is that he is a man of genius whose vivid imagination has conjured up visions of improved flowers and vegetables in amazing numbers and variety, whereas the other educators have usually specialized on one plant, such as the pansy or the bean. The methods of improvement have in all cases been along Darwinian lines, and they were practiced in Japan, China, and other countries centuries before Darwin or Burbank. The Burbank of the sweet pea is an Englishman, Henry Eckford. In 1860 there were only nine known varieties of this fragrant flower. Eckford began crossing them in 1878, and when he died, in 1905, there were more than 300 varieties, most of which he had originated. Some thirty years ago the surpassing loveliness of these improved flowers—improved in size, fragrance, variety, and intensity of color—made them great favorites in America. To-day we vie with England in the amelioration of this favorite, and one of our States, California, provides the greater part of the seeds for the whole world. One Philadelphia seedsman has 150 acres of sweet peas in bloom in that State, where this flower can be grown on the same land year after year, which is not the case elsewhere.

Throughout our country the love of sweet peas is rapidly spreading. So are, unfortunately, the diseases which wither and lay them low. These have received scant attention so far, and the growers are usually helpless when their vines are attacked. Dr. Taubenhaus now comes to their rescue. His book, the result of five years of patient and ingenious research, is the first which treats fully of this important branch of floral pathology. There are chapters on insect pests, diseased seeds, physiological diseases, greenhouse and field diseases, and one of them is concerned with disorders of the sweet pea that fortunately have not yet reached this country. The numerous enemies of the sweet pea are pictured in this book on an enlarged scale. For them there is as yet no cure-all. Insects may be poisoned, but fungi or bacteria are usually fatal. The author tells what can be done in emergencies; he advocates choosing seeds of resistant plants; and inasmuch as vigorous plants are more likely to escape, he dwells also on the best methods of cultivation.

Probably no other flower (except, perhaps, the pansy) has been so delightfully improved during the last three decades as the sweet pea, of which there are now over thirty color classes. The peony is another flower which has undergone a change into something rich and strange within the last few decades. Its merits are far less widely known than those of the sweet pea, but no one who has a

**The Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Pea.* By J. J. Taubenhaus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

The Book of the Peony. By Mrs. Edward Harding. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

1,000 Hints on Vegetable Gardening. By Mae Savell Croy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Joyous Art of Gardening. By Frances Duncan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

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chance to glance at the pages of Mrs. Harding's appealing volume will delay in adding a few specimens to his collection of perennials. It is the first book devoted exclusively to the history of the peony and the best methods of cultivation, and its beautiful full-page illustrations of choice varieties illustrate the progress made in the art of reproduction in color as well as in the improvement of these flowers themselves. Although the Chinese and Japanese loved the peony hundreds of years ago, and although, in England, John Parkinson exclaimed in 1629 that no flower he knew was "so faire, great and double," these cannot have imagined the glory of the finest varieties which the Burbanks of this flower have created: "Shapely flowers packed with glossy silken petals in a hundred shades, tints, and combinations of white, pink, yellow, and red," concerning which the author of this book exclaims truthfully that "one who sees for the first time typical specimens of the modern peony is thrilled with their breath taking loveliness." She claims for it as landscape a value greater than that of the rose. She considers separately the herbaceous and the tree peonies; states seven reasons why the peony is the best of all perennials; and gives hints, based on years of experience, as to how to buy wisely and cultivate properly. Raising peonies from seed she finds "a most fascinating pursuit"; yet the game has its drawbacks; it requires two years to make the dried seeds germinate, and, what is worse, it is seldom that more than one in a thousand of the seedlings approaches the standards of the old and established varieties. The best of these varieties—the number of which is great—are listed on pages 82-102, with details regarding shape, color, fragrance, and season, together with the name of the introducer of each variety. The chief drawback is the short period of bloom; but by a judicious choice from among the named varieties this period can be extended to six or seven weeks. Mrs. Harding's book will no doubt give a fresh impulse to the growing popularity of this easily grown flower.

More important, if less fascinating, is the topic of Mae Savell Croy's book. The author of "1,000 Shorter Ways Around the House" and "1,000 Things a Mother Should" has condensed into 275 pages 1,100 practical suggestions regarding the sixty-nine most important vegetables which just now are engaging the attention of so many "potatriots." Calling attention to the fact that a well-kept garden will yield a return fifteen times as great as would the same area devoted to general farm crops, she points out, in short epigrammatic paragraphs, what "well-kept garden" implies, and gives fair warning that "if you do not mean to cultivate, and to cultivate regularly and thoroughly, then give up all thought of a garden." The hoe and rake are more important even than fertilizers and water. Timely attention in these days of potash famine is called to the value for most crops of wood ashes, which contain potash and which on many farms are wasted. Where water is scarce, it is well to know the value of greasy dish-water from the kitchen, which also serves as a fertilizer. There are many invaluable hints like these in this book, which treats of nut and fruit trees and small fruits as well as of garden vegetables.

While vegetable gardening is to many amateurs an all-absorbing occupation, the author of "The Joyous Art of Gardening" devotes her attention entirely to flowers and the "1,000 delights" they provide. Although, next to fishing, no hobby has a stronger grip on its devotees than gardening, she is convinced that we have sore need of more small flower gardens; her book is an attempt, and a most praiseworthy one, to help multiply these sources of daily joy. It is concerned only with those plants which are surest to grow, but the number of these is surprisingly large. No important aspect of the matter is neglected. There are chapters on suburban gardening and urban; on fitting the garden to the house; on the use and abuse of pergolas; on garden making; on the old-fashioned garden; on difficulties and how to meet them, etc. The reader is told what and how to plant, how to prune shrubs, how to succeed with annuals. There are charts of diverse plants, lists of trees and shrubs for winter effect, and so on. Particularly helpful is the chapter Why Gardens Go Wrong. If your plants don't grow, there may be one or more of six reasons: they may be too near trees, or in the wrong place otherwise; or the trouble may be wrong soil, wrong watering, overcrowding, starvation, too rich a diet, lack of picking. On these topics and a hundred others the author discourses entertainingly.

HENRY T. FINCK

Reviews of Plays

"POLLY WITH A PAST"

"POLLY With a Past," by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, is likely to pull through for a fairly extended run at the Belasco in spite of being full of rather old theatrical device. A very good young man is hopelessly in love with a priggish, social-service kind of young woman who, on account of her absorption in the work of saving drunkards, refuses to take any interest in him. Fortuitously a bright young woman, a minister's daughter wanting to earn money in order to develop her voice, turns up and agrees for a consideration to masquerade as a notorious international beauty, appear to capture the good young man's affections, and so to drive the indifferent social-worker to jealousy and, finally, into the young man's arms. No sooner said than begun. The doing takes two extra acts of considerable length, enamelled with just enough jokes of the calculated variety to keep the audience amused. All the parts are fairly well taken. The devoted youth, acted excellently by Herbert Yost, repeats a type similar to that of the naïve husband in "The Very Idea," a type which appears to have suddenly become popular among dramatists. Ina Claire has the star part of the minister's daughter, and looks dazzlingly beautiful in all her various gowns and make-ups, but does not act quite so well as she looks. Taking it all in all, a "sweet" play for holidays, a play to which any school girl can bring her caramels and a romantic heart.

A.

Amusements

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"DE LUXE ANNIE"

THAT yet another success could be wrung from the crook type of play seems to have been proved by the production at the Booth Theatre of "De Luxe Annie." The author, to vary the formula, has denominated his work a "psychological play of mystery," and he has indeed introduced enough originality in combining the stock features of this dramatic type to hold the attention to the end. As he professed to do no more than to contribute an entertaining play, his effort may be pronounced a success. Without disclosing so much of the mystery as to spoil the piece for future audiences, we may indicate the lines of his plan. The opening scene shows the smoking compartment of a Pullman car in which a physician is relating a story to illustrate the nature of what is usually called coincidence. The following five scenes depict the doctor's story—after the manner employed in "On Trial." The main interest in what follows centres in De Luxe Annie (admirably played by Jane Grey), a beautiful girl who through a curious mental quirk is for the time being lending her services to the blackmailing schemes of a notorious crook. This part of the story, involving pistols and bloodhounds and narrow escapes, has the excitement of good melodrama. But the "thrill" is reserved for the final scene, which again shows the smoking compartment, and which by the explanation of the mystery adds a novel fillip to the whole standard subject of coincidence.

Finance

Government and Gold Exports

IT is to be hoped that the Government understands the seriousness of the step it has taken through last Friday's proclamation by the President, in making of practically world-wide application the potential embargo on gold exports. The proclamation of August 27, subjecting exports of "coin, bullion, currency" to "such limitations and exemptions as the President shall prescribe," stipulated only shipments to the Teutonic countries, the territory occupied by their armies, and neutral European markets. Its purpose was plainly understood to be, to prevent the handing-along of our gold to the enemy. Supposing evidence of such purpose to exist, this was a legitimate war measure.

Last week's proclamation goes a long step further. It sweeps into the list of markets to which our bankers may be forbidden to send gold both the neutral South and Central American states and those which are at war with Germany. It includes Japan, which certainly has not been accused of delivering gold to Germany. It authorizes the Federal Reserve Board, acting for the President, to permit gold exports to any of these countries only "if, in his opinion, the exportation in question be compatible with the public interest." Otherwise, the Board is to prohibit such exportation.

"Compatible with the public interest" is a most dangerously elastic phrase. There is a very considerable number of men, in both private and public life, who would declare at once that gold exports are always incompatible with the interests of the country. There are others, with economic notions a little better developed, who would probably argue that, since gold is a basis of credit and therefore one of the sinews of war, we ought now to restrict its export arbitrarily. No doubt these philosophers would point to the action of France, for instance, and in a measure of Great Britain. But what they would really be doing, if they had their way, would be to imitate Germany's example of 1914, and with less excuse.

Since the decision as to "compatibility" is lodged with the Federal Reserve Board, it may fortunately be inferred that no embargo will be clapped on, unless for tangible and convincing reasons. The Board itself, in fact, very promptly followed the President's proclamation up by a formal announcement that it would take no action against gold shipments made "in response to a legitimate trade demand." As practical financiers, the members of that Board are aware that our present gold exports are following the natural laws of international exchange; because, since we have undertaken to support sterling in New York as it is not supported elsewhere, we have established a market in which drafts on London, held by Japan or Spain or South America, may to a limited extent be sold in exchange for gold.

The Reserve Board knows that in the case of Japan, to which we have been sending gold most freely, the adverse balance on exchange would be corrected if our manufacturers were to cease holding up the Japanese orders for steel, or if London were to regulate sterling at Tokio in the manner in which it has been regulated at New York. The Board is naturally aware that, although we have exported in the three past months somewhat more gold than we have imported, that fact is quite obscured by the further fact that between the end of 1914 and the beginning of last May we imported from abroad $1,200,000,000 more gold than we sent out.

The country's present stock of gold has increased more than a thousand million dollars since the war began. What sort of figure the United States would cut in the eyes of foreign financiers (and of the nations in whose behalf we were lately hoping to become the central money market of the world), if we should now refuse to give up gold on legitimate trade operations, because it was "incompatible with the public interest," it is not altogether difficult to imagine.

The Rise in Silver

THE very rapid advance of nearly 8 cents an ounce in silver during the past ten days, to 98⅝ cents, fixed the highest price since 1890. Since July, the price has risen 19⅝ cents. It is 32⅜ cents higher than a year ago, and 46⅜ cents above July 31, 1914.

This rise has two distinct aspects. As a commodity of merchandise, silver has moved with other commodities. If its price has more than doubled since the war began, so has the price of wheat, iron, steel, copper, and cotton. But silver is also used all over the world for subsidiary money, and in this direction its rise creates some curious considerations.

We are a long way off from the controversy of the nineties over the "sixteen-to-one ratio" of silver's value to the value of gold. To make the metal in an American silver dollar intrinsically worth as much as the gold in the gold dollar, silver would have to sell on the market at $1.29¼

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Summary of the News

A NEW internal crisis in Russia following upon military disaster was revealed in a proclamation by Premier Kerensky on September 10, ordering the removal of Gen. Korniloff from the chief command of the armies and his replacement by Gen. Klembovsky, commander-in-chief of the northern armies. The sequence of events leading up to this summary action may be summed up as follows: The German move against Riga, which had assumed such formidable dimensions as to lead to the departure of the foreign consuls from that city about the middle of August, entered upon its final phase on September 1 with a German crossing of the Dvina at Uxküll. Only part of the Russian army offered resistance. On September 3 the Germans entered Riga. The pursuit of the Russians was continued for a distance of more than forty miles between the Baltic coast and the Petrograd railway. Berlin announced the capture of 180 guns and more than 7,500 prisoners. The anticipated disaster at Riga acted as a direct stimulant to monarchist plotting on the one hand and the gathering dissatisfaction among the liberal but non-Socialist elements represented by the Constitutional Democrats who saw in the insubordinate behavior of the army on the Dvina another instance of progressive demoralization. On September 8, according to Premier Kerensky's account, the Duma member, Lvoff, appeared in Petrograd and called upon Kerensky to surrender the civil and military powers of the Government to Gen. Korniloff, who would thus be vested with dictatorial authority. The dismissal of Gen. Korniloff and the proclamation of a state of war at Petrograd were the rejoinder. The prospect of an open clash between Socialists and non-Socialists on the expediency of the immediate and drastic reëstablishment of discipline in the army would naturally redound to the advantage of the monarchists, whose plottings led to the arrest on September 5 of the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, brother of the deposed Emperor, with several other members of the Imperial family. On the basis of testimony which is supposed to have been adduced at the trial of the former Minister of War, Sukhomlinoff, but which has not reached this country or England, the German Chancellor on September 5 gave a statement to the press in which he maintained that Russia's prime responsibility for the European war had been established. It was contended by Chancellor Michaelis that the Czar's efforts for peace during the critical days of July, 1914, were frustrated by Foreign Minister Sazonoff and other members of the "military caste" at Petrograd.

THE after-effects in Germany of President Wilson's reply to the Pope's peace offer, it now appears, are not to be measured by the indignant tone of protest against Mr. Wilson's "insolence." The Socialists and the Centrists constituting the Reichstag majority which put through the no-annexation formula of July 19, insist that the President's statement of the war aims of Germany's enemies calls for serious consideration. That has been the Socialist attitude from the beginning, but the attitude of the Centre party was manifested in an official statement issued on September 6, in which it is asserted that the President's message, though offensive in tone, should be considered wholly in the light of its "essential and objective principle." The statement emphasizes the discrepancy between the enemy's war aims as formulated in Allied quarters and as enunciated by the President. In that respect, says the Centrist communication, Mr. Wilson's reply ought to prove acceptable. Scheidemann, speaking for the Socialist party, and Erzberger for the Centre, have been urging the consideration of the President's reply in a spirit of "calm." In Pan-German circles, as a result, the agitation against an "Erzberger peace" has been carried on with increased vigor.

A SITUATION rich with possibilities of diplomatic controversy among the Governments of Argentina, Germany, and Sweden was brought to light on September 8 when Secretary of State Lansing gave to the press three intercepted dispatches forwarded by Count Luxburg, German Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Aires, through the Swedish Legation at Buenos Aires, and, as implied, in the Swedish cipher. Part of the information thus conveyed had to do with two Argentine ships on the Atlantic approaching Bordeaux, which the German Government was advised either to let by unchallenged or else to sink "without a trace" (*spurlos versenkt*). In itself the incident would call up the crisis evoked in Switzerland some months ago by the discovery that the courtesy of the Swiss Legation mail-bags had been extended to German agents, and ending with the retirement in disgrace of M. Hoffmann, director of Swiss Foreign Affairs.

AN interesting light on the secret activities of the German Emperor at the time of the Russo-Japanese War was thrown by a series of telegrams between William II and the Czar, recovered from the secret archives at Petrograd at the time of the revolution of last March, and published in the New York *Herald*. The interchange of telegrams between the two Emperors without the knowledge of their Ministers shows William II actively engaged in capitalizing Russo-British hostility in 1904-05 in the interests of a treaty between Russia and Germany directed against "Anglo-Saxon" domination, a treaty to which France by force of circumstances was to become a partner.

THE firm resolve of the French people that the war must bring back Alsace and Lorraine to the mother country was reiterated by Premier Ribot on September 6, on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle of the Marne. The French Premier declared that Alsace and Lorraine could not be given over to discussion by the diplomatists. On the following day the long-predicted Ministerial crisis took place. Ribot's resignation was assumed to be preliminary to a reorganization of the Cabinet, but negotiations to that effect were frustrated by the irreconcilable attitude of the parliamentary Socialists, and on Sunday it was reported that Ribot had abandoned the task of reconstituting the Ministry. Thereupon M. Painlevé was summoned by President Poincaré.

GERMAN airmen on September 5 bombarded British-American hospitals on the French coast. The American casualties were one officer killed and eight officers and men wounded.

THE Japanese Mission was received by the House of Representatives on September 5. Viscount Ishii, in an address to the Congressmen, emphasized the community of ideals and aspirations between Japan and the United States.

ON the eve of the departure of the first increment of the new National Army for the training camps, the President addressed his felicitations to the men. "The eyes of the world will be upon you, because you are in some special sense the soldiers of freedom." The next day President Wilson headed a parade of the drafted men in Washington with the Cabinet and a majority of the members of Congress. The same day 18,000 drafted men paraded through the principal boroughs of New York city. On September 5 the first contingent of the drafted men, to the extent of 5 per cent. of the entire draft, began entraining for their cantonments, with the exception of Camp Meade, near Baltimore, and Camp Upton, at Yaphank.

ON September 10 the Senate, by 69 to 4 votes, passed the War Revenue bill, including the much-debated excess-profits clause, which by a vote of 72 to 7 on September 5 had been determined on a graduated scale ranging from a 12 per cent. tax on excess profits of 15 per cent. to a 60 per cent. tax on excess profits of more than 300 per cent. On September 6 the House, by a solid vote, approved the bond issue bill for the sum of $11,538,945,640. The same day the Committee on Appropriations laid before the House an Army and Navy bill carrying the sum of $4,810,979,370. Additional loans to Great Britain and France on September 5 brought the total of American loans to the Allies to $2,266,400,000, of which Great Britain had received $1,105,000,000, France $630,000,000, Russia $275,000,000, and Italy $200,000,000.

THE American Alliance for Labor and Democracy was organized in the course of a four days' session at Minneapolis, September 4-7. The organization is made up of dissident members of the Socialist party with the bulk of its strength from organized labor. Samuel Gompers was elected president of the Alliance. Associated with him are James Duncan, Frank P. Walsh, Charles Edward Russell, and John Spargo. The Alliance adopted a declaration denouncing the "enemies of the republic who, falsely assuming to speak in the name of labor, are now ceaselessly striving to obstruct the operations of the Government," and calling for the conscription of wealth through heavy taxes on incomes, excess profits, and land values, and for the safeguarding of the rights of labor.

OFFICES of the Socialist party and the I. W. W. at Chicago and in many cities of the Far West were raided by agents of the Department of Justice on September 5. Records and publications of these organizations were seized. The action of the Government was predicated on suspicions of a country-wide conspiracy for hampering the conduct of the war and creating public disorder.

WOMAN suffrage was rejected in Maine on September 10 by an estimated 2 to 1 referendum vote.

THE State Senate at Albany, by a vote of 25 to 18, rejected on September 7 Gov. Whitman's nomination of George W. Perkins to the post of Chairman of the new State Food Control Commission.

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per ounce. It has not sold as high as that since the middle of 1873; before that, it had long sold at or above the coinage parity.

In 1890, when Congress passed the Silver Purchase bill, the price, which had averaged 93½ cents the year before, rose with great violence to $1.21. But it got no higher; it was down to 98 cents in another month or two. In December, 1902, when the London price reached 21 3-16 pence per ounce—the lowest ever recorded, before or since—the New York price was nearly down to 50 cents.

Two questions then arise: what really caused the present remarkable advance, and what will be its monetary consequences, if any? The primary reason for the advance in silver is the abnormal demand from belligerent Europe, for its use in coinage to replace the old silver coins, which have either been hoarded by the people or forced out of circulation by depreciated paper currencies. Immense amounts have been bought and coined only to disappear again.

This abnormal demand was largely met by increased export of silver from the United States, where production has continued very heavy. But Mexico's production is for obvious reasons barely half what it was before 1913, and Australia's mines have since 1913 been yielding very little. The world's whole output last year was 20 per cent. less than before the war.

Suppose the market carries silver fully up to the old-time "coinage parity"; would anything happen? Nothing that can be foreseen. If by any chance, however, the price should go well above the $1.29¼ figure, then the results might be interesting; for at some point, an American silver dollar would itself be worth more than 100 cents in the export market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Greene, F. S. The Grim 13. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Haggard, H. R. Finished. Longmans, Green. $1.40 net.
McCutcheon, G. B. Green Fancy. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Thurston, M. N. Sarah Ann. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Webbs, M. Gone to Earth. Dutton. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bolwell, F. A. With a Reservist in France. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Bradford, G. A Naturalist of Souls. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Desson, G. A Hostage in Germany. Dutton.
Harvey, A. William Dean Howells: A Study of the Achievement of a Literary Artist. Huebsch. $1.50 net.
Hennebois, C. In German Hands. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Humphrey, S. K. Mankind. Scribner. $1.50 net.
MacFarlane, C. Reminiscences of a Literary Life. Scribner.
Magnus, L. A. Pros and Cons in the Great War. Dutton. $2 net.
Pease, M. Jean Jaurès. Huebsch. $1 net.
Safroni-Middleton, A. A Vagabond's Odyssey. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Seton, E. T. The Arctic Prairies. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Thomas, C. Goethe. Holt. $2 net.
Waddington, M. K. My War Diary. Scribner. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Burton, E. D., and Goodspeed, E. J. Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels. Scribner.
Coffin, J. H. The Vendor of Dreams. Dodd, Mead.
Wild, L. H. The Evolution of the Hebrew People. Scribner. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Collins, C. W. The National Budget System and American Finance. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Lansbury, G. Your Part in Poverty. Huebsch. $1 net.
Moore, H. H. The Youth and the Nation. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Moore, W. H. Railway Nationalization and the Average Citizen. Dutton. $1.35.
Webb, S. The Restoration of Trade Union Conditions. Huebsch. 50 cents net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Gordy, W. F. Heroes and Leaders in American History: Lincoln. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Nobbs, G. On the Right of the British Line. Scribner. $1.25 net.

POETRY

Cleghorn, S. N. Portraits and Protests. Holt. $1.25 net.
Lynd, S. The Thrush and the Jay. Dutton. $1.60 net.
Phillpotts, E. Plain Song. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

SCIENCE

McKellat, K. B. Machine Gun Practice and Tactics. Macmillan.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Metcalfe, C. Amateur Entertainments. Dutton. 75 cents.

TEXTBOOKS

Bayley, W. S. Descriptive Mineralogy. Appleton. $3.50 net.
Bennett, H. E. School Efficiency. Ginn. $1.25.
Cardon, L. A Practical French Course. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Cooper, L. Louis Agassiz as a Teacher. Ithaca, N. Y.: The Comstock Pub. Co. $1 net.
Packard, J. C. Everyday Physics: A Laboratory Manual. Ginn. $1.

THE FORTUNES OF RICHARD MAHONY
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